

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

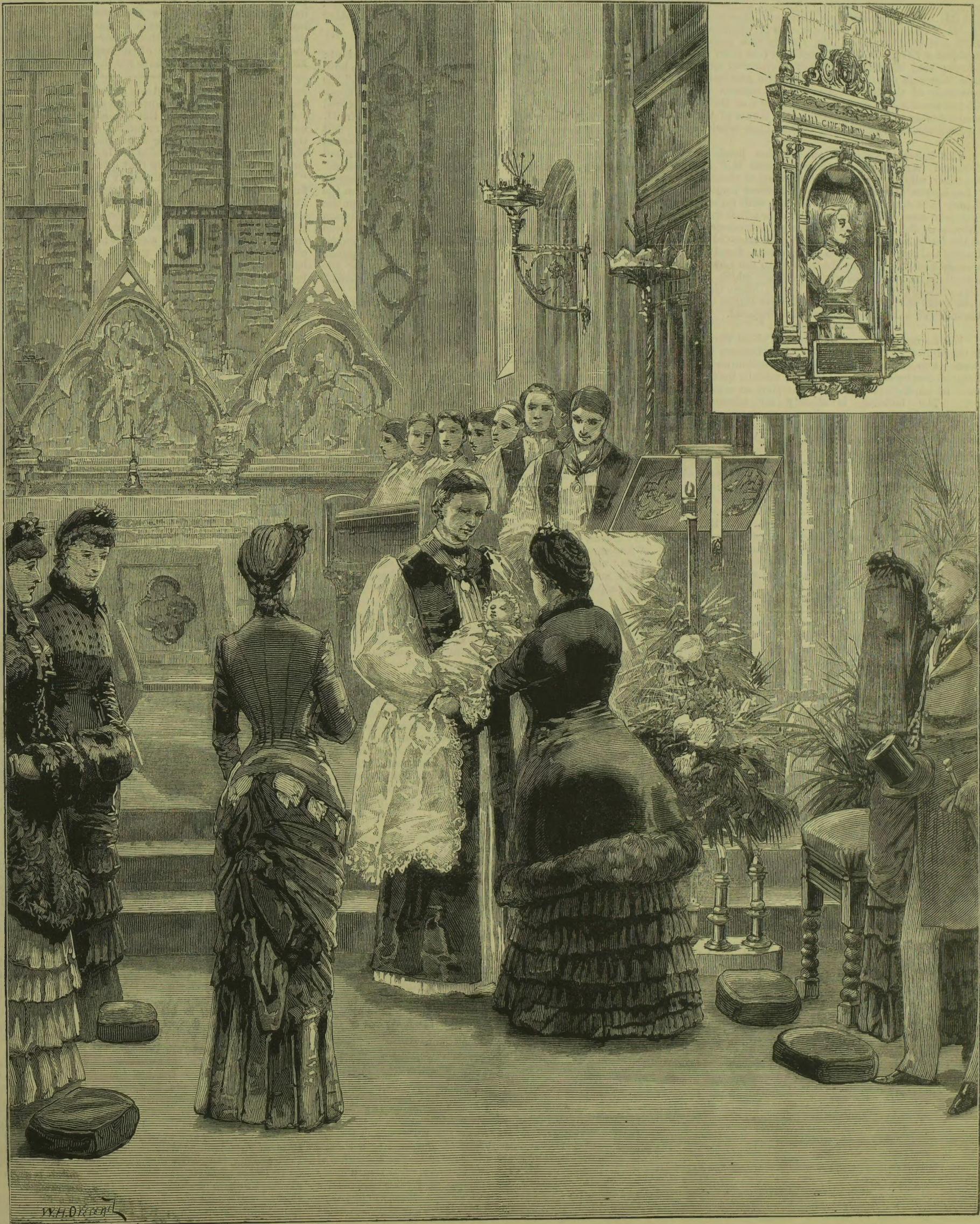
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.

Memorial Bust of late Duke of Albany.



CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT DUKE OF ALBANY AT ESHER CHURCH.



The death of the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, at Waterperry, Oxfordshire, on Tuesday last, has occasioned deep regret. Mr. Henley had lived to a ripe old age. Born in 1793, he had reached his ninety-first year. Mr. Henley's sterling honesty, sturdy common-sense, pithy speech, and steadfastness to the old school of Conservatism, gained for him general respect. The high position he obtained in the House led the late Earl of Derby to secure Mr. Henley's co-operation as President of the Board of Trade in the Ministries the noble Earl and Mr. Disraeli formed in 1852 and 1858. But in 1859, the conscientious scruples the right hon. gentleman entertained against the projected extension of the Franchise by the Conservative Government induced him to resign office. Close upon twenty years longer, however, did Mr. Henley remain an honoured member of the House of Commons. On the occasion of his retirement, in 1878, a vivid Portrait of Mr. Henley was given in the *Illustrated London News* of March 9, in that year. Looking back at that faithful likeness of the shrewd and kindly face, thorough type of a fine old English gentleman in the best sense of the term, one could not restrain the hope that in coming Parliaments the interests of the country may continue to be represented in the House of Commons by Englishmen of equal integrity and high-mindedness.

The ladies, dissatisfied on the one hand at being debarred from voting for their favourite M.P.'s, are on the other ventilating another complaint of theirs against "Legislature's harsh decree." Whatever course Expediency may deem it advisable to take with regard to the first grievance of the fair sex, we at once admit the reasonableness of the request made by certain fair correspondents of the *Daily News* that the grille may be removed from the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. Surely, gentlewomen admitted to hear the debates in the Lower House should be made to suffer no disability which ladies of title are free from in the Upper House, where they can at their sweet will rain influence with their bright eyes from the uncaged balconies placed at their disposal.

We do not hear much at present about the Antwerp International Exhibition of 1885 in this country; but it is causing a great deal of excitement on the Continent. Little Belgium has been going ahead, and intends that Antwerp shall at no distant day rival Liverpool as a commercial port. The building is already far advanced, and it is looked upon as very important, and as forming a species of stepping-stone to the great Parisian Exhibition of 1889, which, it is said, will eclipse all previous ones in scope and splendour.

Hitherto the words "Not transferable" printed on certain tickets of admission to places of amusement or privilege have proved singularly inefficient, and the said tickets have changed hands in the most barefaced manner. The promoters of the Antwerp International Exhibition have devised a means of checkmating this abuse of their season tickets, for on every one that they issue they intend to have the photograph of the person whose name is inscribed thereon. If the likeness proves to be faithful, all well and good; but if not, woe betide the luckless wight whose physiognomy does not tally with his photo.

Professor Ruskin has spoken very unkindly of the butterflies as senseless creatures, and a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls him over the coals on that account. The latter gentleman bases his theory of the sense of butterflies on the hypothesis that they choose the "trees and leaves that represent most the backs of their wings." The phrase is ambiguous, but perhaps for the word "represent" he intended to write "set off." That would exactly tally with the habit his favourite, Red Admiral, has of settling on arbutus-trees in late autumn. The deep green of the arbutus "sets off" his colours to perfection, and the naval dignitaries may be counted by scores wherever those trees are plentiful.

Wonders will never cease. Canon Liddon, the representative of law and order in religion, the calm reverent priest who approaches solemn subjects with awe and trembling, actually said, under the dome of St. Paul's last Sunday, a kind word for the Salvation Army, and declared that the secret of such success as General Booth and his followers had met with lay in the fact of proclaiming to the world that they were not ashamed of the Master they profess to follow. Does Canon Liddon speak from hearsay? or has he ever stood outside the hall of the old Orphan Asylum at Lower Clapton on a Sunday night?

Where could the kind promoters of a Penny Dinner at the East-End have picked up the small boy who, when questioned as to the previous day's dinner, declared that it consisted of goose-pie and jam-tart? Possibly, out of some thieves'-kitchen—where there is plenty when luck is good, and starvation when it turns. The purveyors of penny dinners will, however, meet with some strange examples of daintiness before they go very far; for it is a fact that Baroness Burdett-Coutts would fain have introduced Australian preserved meats to her poor in Brown's-lane, Spitalfields, years ago, but they preferred hunger. No matter how skilfully it was disguised in pie, soup, or ragout, they always detected it, and were steadfastly determined to have none of it.

Peru seems slightly in advance of some other countries, for its Government has just arranged to have the principal cities lit by electricity. Coal is very costly in the Peruvian Republic, and Lima and Callao are the only places that have been lighted with gas, while all others have depended on kerosene lamps. In most of the cities the electricity will be generated by means of running water, and the expense will thereby be marvellously reduced.

Archaeology certainly ought to have a fitting and permanent home at Oxford; and, if the new keeper of the Ashmolean Museum has his way, it certainly will. Mr. Evans is decidedly the right man in the right place, and is ready to make the most of the advantages offered him, if only the ruling powers will support his efforts and assist his aims. A true archaeologist or antiquary must be born, not made, and as the present age does not seem over-favourable to the development of that class of mind, it is all the more necessary that we should regard and cherish the intellects whose mission it is to embalm the past with the precision and accuracy of amber.

There are still a great many builders in the world who, beginning their work without counting the cost, are not able to finish it. The latest accession to their ranks is to be found in the Construction Committee who are preparing the pedestal for the famous Bartholdi statue in New York. It has actually come to a standstill for lack of funds, and unless they are speedily forthcoming, the anniversary of the day on which France first recognised the independence of the United States will not be signalled by the unveiling of the great statue. What can Brother Jonathan be thinking about?

The game of billiards is at present in the ascendant; and Mr. J. Roberts, jun., and Mr. J. North have both "beaten the record" in the "spot-barred game," the former with "all round" breaks, the latter with a break "off the red" alone. And since Mr. W. J. Peall scored 1989 with "the spot in," another Englishman, Mr. H. Evans, has scored the same number at Melbourne. But neither Mr. Peall nor Mr. Evans performed the feat in the course of a game: the former "went on" after he had finished a game, the latter did his great deed "in practice." Hence there are constant disputes about the "biggest break on record," which ought, of course, to mean the biggest break made on a "public table" in a "public match," and during that match, without any continuation of the break after the match has been lost and won. Even then it would be necessary to discriminate between public matches played upon ordinary and extraordinary public tables, the tables used for general play and for the "championship." And until the "spot" is "barred" altogether, it would seem reasonable to count "spot strokes" as well as "all round" play. In that case it seems probable that Mr. W. J. Peall would prove best man, though he might not win his match, if he were pitted against Mr. John Roberts, jun., Mr. W. Cook, or Mr. W. Mitchell.

Advertisers, no doubt, find their account in their invention of stupendous and unintelligible names for their articles on the principle that to the vulgar herd "omne ignotum pro magnifico." And certainly some of the names are very "fetching." The "antigropelous" boot was good (though the composition was faulty, and the boot seems to have "gone under," as the Americans say of a ruined man); so was the "helioscene" sun-blind; so was the "panklabanon" ironmongery; so is "neoteric" gold jewellery, to say nothing of "Abyssinian" gold and "oroide" gold, and so is "centrifugal" sugar; but the palm is borne away by the ingenious inventor of "neurasthenipponskelsterizo," to be applied to the legs of horses. It beats the same ingenious inventor's "hoplemuroma" (for horses' hoofs) by a "length" at least; and any horse whose legs cannot be strengthened by it must be fit for nothing but the knacker's yard or the shop of a Parisian butcher.

The grant of a pension of £80 a year from the Civil List to the widow of the justly but perhaps not adequately celebrated Michael W. Balfe, musical composer, is a matter to rejoice over; and the name brings to mind an injustice which was constantly done to the gifted owner of it. The initials of his Christian names caused him to figure on titlepages and in advertisements as M. W. Balfe; and worthy souls jumped to the conclusion that this stood for "Monsieur W. Balfe," and that he tried to "make out he was a foreigner." An indignant Irishman used to propagate this error at a public entertainment, saying, "he may call himself Mounseer Balfe as much as he likes, but he's an Oirishman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, every inch of him." Thus did the innocent composer receive an unintentional compliment, which was deserved, as a tag to an accusation which was wholly undeserved.

As is usually the case with all questions, there seem to be two sides to the question of "cocaine" and its qualities. One authority writes to the *Standard* to say that it ("cocaine," not the *Standard*) will soothe the "brain-worker" and send him to sleep; another authority writes to the same paper to say that it ("cocaine" again, not the *Standard*) will probablyadden the "brain-worker" and send him to Bedlam. Is not this simply a new edition of the old story which teaches that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison"? Nobody, however, seems to have denied as yet that "cocaine" is an excellent anaesthetic for ophthalmic operations; so that there is less excuse than ever for not taking the beam out of your own eye (or at least getting somebody else to take it out) before you proceed (not forgetting to employ a little figurative "cocaine") to pluck the mote out of your neighbour's eye.

The "Cattle Show" has been the great topic lately. It appears that the Smithfield Club, under whose auspices the show is held, was instituted in 1798, under the style and title of "The Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Society"; and that the annual shows first took place in Dolphinyard, Smithfield, then in Barbican, afterwards in Goswell-street; subsequently to 1838 at the Baker-street Bazaar (a sort of practical illustration of "a bull in a chinashop"), and in 1862 there was a move to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, where there is more room and a little less smell. Whether the removal of Jewish disabilities and the consequent increase of Jewish influences has anything to do with it, or whether it be out of compliment to our Mohammedan fellow-subjects in India, who so objected to the "greased cartridges," or not, there is no

saying; but the melancholy fact is recorded that "the competition in the pig classes has been lessening for the last three years." Perhaps "trichinoses" has had something to do with the falling off, as "rinderpest" had with the decrease in "cattle" last year; but "sheep," for five years, have been steadily "on the rise," as they say in the money-market, from 138 "classes" in 1880 to 207 this year; and even the sheep that stands at the very bottom of his class is "not to be sneezed at," save by spectators unaccustomed to "bouquet de brebis."

Following in the wake of Temple Bar and other metropolitan relics, two of the old Inns of Chancery have been sacrificed to the westward extension of commercial London. Barnard's Inn is mentioned as far back as the reign of Henry VI.; in fact, the arms of its then owner, D. Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, are still the badge of what remains of the Inn and its members. Staple Inn is even older, and was considered far more important than its neighbour in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was here that Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas," and, with the proceeds, paid the expenses of his mother's funeral and some small debts she had left. Now the quiet resting-places of learned lawyers, of students of jurisprudence, is condemned, and will henceforth be the site of the bustle and confusion of the business of a large firm of carriers. Messrs. Pickford and Co. have purchased the property.

That a jury summoned on an inquest must actually see the dead body is, however unpleasant, certainly "Crowner's quest law." But a dozen respectable tradesmen, with families, very naturally objected to the risk they had to take in viewing a deceased smallpox patient. Could any of these respectable tradesmen, or any of their families, have been reading that quaint old book, Shaw's "Tour to the West of England"? On page 345 we find:—"In 1588 an infectious distemper, brought by some Portuguese prisoners who were confined at Exeter, destroyed the Judge and most of the persons summoned to the Lent Assizes." This, for all that appears to the contrary, was an unforeseen accident; but while no profitable end can be achieved, great danger is doubtless run by a jury who are placed in proximity with a body infected with virulent disease. The "look," in such a case, must necessarily be of the most casual character; and the medical evidence, which is of course all important, ought to be sufficient.

In France, the dead bodies of murderers are handed over to the School of Medicine for dissection; not altogether an illogical disposition of them, for they may make amends to their fellow-creatures by teaching a student something that may eventually lead to his saving lives. An official in France has, however, gone a little farther than this, and for grimness of invention certainly deserves recognition. The skin of Campi, who was guillotined for murder a short time ago, has been given by the doctor who had charge of the body to a tanner, with instructions that it should be tanned and subsequently used to bind the papers concerning the deceased's post-mortem. However horrifying such a proceeding may seem, it really does appear as practical as burning the body, skin and all, in quicklime, the method adopted in this country for disposing of executed criminals.

So, after all, the famous Basilewski Collection of Works of Art is to go to St. Petersburg. When first it was hinted that this marvellous assortment of faience Hispano-Moresque and Palissy was about to be dispersed, all the connoisseurs and dealers in London and Paris figuratively smacked their lips in anticipation of another sale as important as the late one of the Duke of Hamilton's. The Russian Government, however, after some attempt at bargaining, finally secured the gems at the price of six millions of francs. Arrangements were made by telegram. Perhaps the most important pieces are some specimens of Henry II. enamel, painted and designed by Léonard Limozin. To give an idea of the value of this class of work, now extremely rare, it may be mentioned that at a recent sale at Messrs. Christie and Manson's auction-rooms, in King-street, St. James's, Messrs. Wertheimer, the dealers, gave seven thousand guineas for an oval dish measuring about 18 inches by 9 inches. Among the Basilewski collection there is no individual article so valuable as this, but there are several plates estimated to be worth three thousand pounds apiece, and some of the most remarkable pieces of old majolica in the world. The collection has been on view in the Rue Blanche, Paris.

One of the most adventurous travellers of the period Mr. Frank Vizetelly bids fair to be rescued from the stronghold of the Mahdi, we are happy to learn. Well known as Special Artist of this Journal throughout the expedition of Garibaldi for the liberation of the Two Sicilies, during the American Civil War, and also in the Carlist rising in Spain, Mr. Frank Vizetelly was taken prisoner in the Soudan at the time of the disaster to Hicks Pasha. His many friends will be glad to hear that, replying to an anxious inquiry from Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the Marquis of Hartington's secretary states that he has "communicated with Lord Wolseley on the subject, and has no doubt he will do everything in his power to rescue your brother. Lord Hartington desires me to add that Lord Wolseley in his last letter states that he has information from various sources that your brother is at Obeid."

The grievance of London theatrical managers, who complained during the Summer that the Illuminated Concerts at the "Healtheries" greatly reduced the receipts at their playhouses, is made the text of a witty piece of satirical burlesque, published in the form of the Christmas Number of *Truth*, and entitled, "A Winter Wealtheries." It is very readable. With characteristic good nature, the Prince is made to take pity on the lamenting managers, on behalf of whom a grand Benefit Pantomime is organised at Buckingham Palace. From this framework, ironic shafts are shot by Mr. Henry Labouchere's merry men at the follies of the day, the quarry in each case being clearly indicated by a profusion of capital sketches of notabilities by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Both Houses of Parliament having adjourned (after a little "shilloo" of the "Shannon shore" order in the Commons) until February 19, 1885, there seems to be every likelihood of our enjoying during the next eight or nine weeks or so a nice, comfortable, and instructive "Silly Season" in the newspapers. Pray observe the paradox. I unhesitatingly maintain that what in colloquial parlance is termed the "Silly Season" is, as a rule, so far as the contents of the newspapers are concerned, the most edifying period of the year. It is while the collective wisdom of the nation is in session that the columns of the press overflow to the most intolerable extent with dull tautology and drowsy platitudes, and when, to paraphrase the memorable words of the Earl of Beaconsfield, we are most sorely afflicted by "sophistical rhetoricians, inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign their opponents, and glorify themselves."

No, no: give me the "Silly Season." Leading articles on cookery, surgery, thought-reading, neo-Buddhism, and bázique, instead of wooden essays on last night's Parliamentary wrangle or leaden diatribes against the policy of the Right Honourable Gentleman as contradistinguished from the policy of the noble Lord. The *New York Herald* recently expressed the opinion that it is by machinery that we manufacture our political "leaders"; and I feel partially inclined to agree with my Transatlantic contemporary. Then, bright yet substantial reviews in the *Times* and its compeers of the newest and most interesting books; letters from far distant lands from such special correspondents as Antonio Gallenga and Charles Austen; articles on art, science, and commerce; and, finally, letters from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. That is my ideal of a newspaper "Silly Season." May it be realised while the Distressed Compiler of this page (more distressed than ever at having to bid farewell to his readers) is journeying from the Atlantic to the Pacific!

But you may warn me that the great tribe of political spouters do not by any means intend to hold their tongues during the Recess; that the hon. member for the borough of Gallopingdreadyndun has "an account of his stewardship" to give to his constituents; that the Conservative candidate for St. George's, Hanover-square (the Hon. Jeanes De La Plushe), will ventilate his opinions concerning plush, hair-powder, and silk stockings; while the Radical candidate for the Isle of Dogs will have some most cogent things to say about the propriety of at once disestablishing the beadle of St. Clement's Danes and banishing the Usher of the Black Rod to New Guinea. Granted; but I scarcely think it humanly possible that, between this and the middle of next February, the old old changes can with anything like frequency be rung on the Franchise and Redistribution, the Conduct of the Lords, and the Aston Park riots. Even the furious factions at Birmingham have apparently grown weary of squabbling; and a truce, if not a peace, has been patched up between the contending parties.

But one little word with the politicians ere bidding them a cordial good-bye. Recently, in the Lower House, Mr. Chaplin, protesting against the undue haste in which the Franchise Bill, in its latter stages, was being pressed on, remarked that "to the subdivision of large towns he was strongly opposed, believing that it would 'vestrify' the House of Commons." "Vestrify." Oh! Mr. Chaplin, M.P., Mr. Chaplin, M.P.! "Vestrify" is as abhorrent a word as "interviewer."

We have a Society and an Associate Society for the Protection of Women and Children. We have a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. We have a Kyrle Society and a Browning one; and we certainly ought to have a Ruskin Society, were it only for the purpose of explaining to the unenlightened what Professor Ruskin was really driving at in his recent and extraordinary lectures on "The Pleasures of England." But is it not about time that we had a Society for the Protection of the English language, with Professor Skeat as President and Dr. C. Annandale, Mr. Fitzedward Hall, Mr. Wedgwood, and Mr. John Hollingshead (the English of the manager of the Gaiety is as clear and strong as that of Cobbett) as Vice-Presidents?

The first thing done by the Society should be the publication of an *Index Expurgatorius*, in which such detestable innovations as "vestrify," "interview" (as a verb), "collide," (for "to come in collision with"), "clôture" (for "closure"), &c., should be gibbeted with the names of the offenders who most persistently coin new words or seek to familiarise the public with unauthorised expressions. I know very well that I should very often come under the ban of the society myself; but, at least, I can say I err not wilfully but through ignorance, that I am sorry for my sins, and, on conviction, always make up my mind to try to do better next time. But "vestrify"! The bad word was coined, and with malice aforethought; and were I one of Mr. Chaplin's tenants I should decline to pay him any more rent until he had made amends for his maltreatment of his mother tongue.

And, lo! here is my Lord Denman (how true is the proverb that wise Judges always have wise sons!) in the debate in the Peers on the Franchise Bill, moving an amendment for the introduction of clauses declaring that no one who could not write a legible hand should be entitled to vote, and that no one should be allowed to vote who had been convicted three times of drunkenness. These and other clauses, conceived in a kindred spirit, were, of course, negatived; but it is worth while glancing at the terrible consequences which might have accrued to the British electorate had Lord Denman's amendments been carried.

The first person disfranchised would assuredly have been Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope. The handwriting of that distinguished politician and accomplished scholar is almost as

illegible as that of Henry, the first Lord Brougham. I have given away all the autograph letters which he wrote to me; but I have a particular remembrance of one, written about five-and-twenty years since, in which he "gravely doubted" the expediency of creating the office of Public Prosecutor. The calligraphy of the document might have been produced by the simple process of dipping a spider in ink and allowing the insect to wander at will over a sheet of paper.

The handwriting of the late Walter Thornbury reminded one of the dying struggles of a blackbeetle that had been "scrunched" on the hearth by the foot of the gentleman who had come to sweep the kitchen chimney. The current hand of George Cruikshank (whose calligraphy when he wrote backwards with his etching-needle on copper was beautifully neat and symmetrical) was an atrocious scrawl; and Honoré De Balzac wrote a hand which was nearly as execrable as that of Napoleon the Great. The handwriting of Mr. T. H. S. Escott, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, looks lovely at a distance; but when you strive to decipher his characters, you are in doubt as to whether they are traced in Russian, in Greek, in Persian, or in Sanskrit.

Mem.: In big writing, the finest hand of a man of letters which I have seen is that of Archbishop Fénelon; in small writing, both perpendicular and oblique, the palm must be divided between William Makepeace Thackeray and a certain reverend gentleman, named Drury, connected with Harrow School. I have at home an edition of the British Poets, published in the middle of the last century, interleaved and annotated in a surprisingly microscopic character by this reverend gentleman. Douglas Jerrold also wrote a wonderfully minute hand. So does Mr. William Black, the novelist; but I fear that Victor Hugo (were he a British voter) would be disfranchised under the Denman dispensation.

By-the-way, talking of the illustrious author of "Notre Dame de Paris," I read in a recent number of (I think) the *World* that both Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier "began life as workers on (from?) the palette," and that Eugène Sue, the author of "Les Mystères de Paris," threw down his pencil and took up the pen. As a matter of fact, Eugène Sue (the grandson of Sue le Jeune, the famous anatomist, who maintained that death by the guillotine was not painless) began life as a naval surgeon; and his earliest work, published about 1832 (he died in 1857), was a "Histoire de la Marine Française." He was throughout his life an excellent amateur artist; but it was the lancet, and not the pencil, which he threw down.

Victor Hugo has always been as skilled an amateur draughtsman as was the Potentate whom he hated so bitterly, the Emperor Napoleon III., who drew horses almost as powerfully as Mrs. Elizabeth Butler draws them. But Victor Hugo can etch—a faculty which, I fancy, was not possessed by the author of "Les Idées Napoléoniennes." I call to mind a wonderful Rembrandtesque drawing executed by M. Hugo about 1861. The subject was a slightly unpleasant one. It was John Brown the Abolitionist hanging from the gallows-tree.

I rub my eyes; I would pass my agitated fingers through my agitated locks (only, I had my hair cut lately); I pinch my arm to ascertain whether I am awake or dreaming, when, in a London paper, I read the following:—

Professor Blackie delivered a lecture on "The Love-Songs of Scotland" to about four thousand persons in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, last night (Sunday, Dec. 7). He said that some people thought it profane to deliver such a lecture on Sunday; but what was said on week-days should be said on Sunday. . . . Professor Blackie sang the Scotch ballad, "Will ye gang to Kelvin Grove, Bonnie Lassie?"

Surely this must be a "goak," as Artemus Ward put it—a hoax concocted by some mad wag who had been reading the *Saturday Review* on "Merry Andrew's Day." But, if it be a true bill, what will the Presbytery of Ayr say to the proceedings at Glasgow? "Ma conscience! Professor Blackie." At the same time, I would willingly disburse several drachmas to hear the learned Professor sing a song in Romaic. If he would only oblige us with Christopoulos's exquisite lyric in the vulgar Greek, beginning—

Εἰς μὲν ἀνθηρὴ μυρσίνη,
Ἡ χάρις Εὐφροσύνη,
Εἰς δάση δροσερά,
Τὸν ἔρωτα δεμένο
Τὸν εἶχε τὸν καιρόνε
Μὲ σιδηρὰ σκληρά.

But mind, the Professor must give us the Byzantine, and not the Erasmian (or Double Dutch) pronunciation of the Romaic.

Touching linguistic studies, I have a remark or two to make for the benefit of those who are disposed to grapple with that copious and mellifluous, but desperately difficult, language, Russian. Justly has the Muscovite tongue been called "the soft-flowing Russ"; and to hear a pretty woman talk it is, if not a precisely liberal education, at least an incentive to acquire such an education. Now, I have just picked up in Brussels an "Ollendorff's Method," applied to the Russian language. The book was only published (Paris, Paul Ollendorff) in 1882; so that I can recommend it to intending English students of Russ as a comparatively new work. Whether, as the rest of the Ollendorffian method purports to do, this particular method will enable the student to read, write, and speak a language in six months, I, of course, cannot tell; but Ollendorff's admirable system is scrupulously adhered to, and the learner is led by slow and sure steps from "Have you the table?" "Yes, well-born Lord, I have the table," to the composition of the most complicated phrases.

The book—it costs (without the key) ten francs—has a cardinal fault. Either the paper is too thin or the Russian

type is too blunt; and in the preparatory exercises in the alphabet the smaller printed characters are so broken or so clogged with ink as to be, in many cases, nearly illegible. The written alphabets, which are engraved or lithographed, are readable enough. Still, the importance of making the printed alphabet minutely distinct cannot be too strictly insisted upon. He who really wishes to learn Russ, should devote at least the first month of his course of study by laboriously fagging at reading and writing the Russian characters.

I have always regarded Dr. H. G. Ollendorff as one of the chief benefactors of the nineteenth century; and if ever a statue be erected to his memory I hope that German hotel waiters all over the world will subscribe. *A propos*, who was he? I have seen Pinnock, of the "Catechisms" (twas in 1813, and Pimcock came to tea with my schoolmaster); I have known those who have seen the original "Peter Parley," an American gentleman named Goodrich (?); but I never yet met anybody who had set eyes on Ollendorff. Who was he? What was he like? How many years has he been dead, or is he yet in the land of the living, an Old Old Man of a Mountain of Methods? When I was quite a boy I used to listen, in the advertisement columns of the *Times* to periodical and mysterious rumblings (always emanating from "28 bis, Rue de Richelieu, Paris"), in which Ollendorff was never tired of denouncing some London publisher, whom he accused of pirating his Methods; and it is from the same "28 bis, Rue de Richelieu" that M. Paul Ollendorff puts forth Dr. H. G. Ollendorff's "Nouvelle Méthode, appliquée au Russe." It is a case of—

Here lies below, in hope of Zion,
The Landlord of the Golden Lion;
Obedient to the Heavenly Will,
His son keeps on the business still.

May we cry "Ollendorff est mort! Vive Ollendorff!" or what!

I notice, not without a subdued feeling of joy, that Mr. Pearson's scheme for dealing with the west side of Westminster Hall is no longer confidently spoken of in official circles as a "restoration," but as a proposed "reconstruction." That is much nearer the mark. An amazing amount of dust was thrown into the public eyes in the outset in this matter of the Hall built by the Red King, rebuilt by Richard II., and flanked on its western side by all kinds of mean and paltry architectural excrescences in Tudor and Jacobian times, until at length arrived confusion worse confounded in the "Palladian" constructions of Kent and, more recently, of Sir John Soane. If Sir Charles Barry had lived long enough, he might have been able to provide the north front of Westminster Hall in Old Palace-yard, and to build a handsome edifice to the west of the Hall satisfactorily dealing with those troublesome buttresses, without anybody caring whether the work was a "restoration" or not. At present, everybody is eloquent about restoration, but with the dimmest notion possible of the real nature of the things which professors profess to "restore." It is an age of people who profess too much. "Virtue," said Voltaire, long ago, "has fled from the heart and taken refuge on the lips."

A friend (*salut et fraternité* "S. L. M. B.") has sent me from New York a very droll bill-of-fare, and a poem as droll, relating to a social circle called the Ichthyophagous Club, who appear to have recently celebrated their fifth annual festival at the Murray Hill Hotel. Among the dainties in the menu I find "Elixir of razor-clams," "essence of devil-fish," "petites surprises of octopus," "wolf-fish à la Cape Cod," "suprême of shark à la Helgramite" (shark-fin soup was somewhat fashionable in London last season), "soufflé of ray, sauce Normande," and "croquettes of limulus à la Mentauk." There was a second course, comprising fillet of beef à la financière, baked carp, and broiled English snipe on toast; and this is the course which I think many of my readers would have preferred.

Appended to this bill-of-fare I find a grimly humorous lay, written by Mr. Fred Mather, entitled "When the Ichthyophagous Dines." I can only find room for the first and last stanzas:—

When the Ichthyophagous dines,
There'll be many a curious dish
Of things ne'er caught with lines
And not at all like fish.

Steaks of porpoise and ribs of whales,
Salmi of musk-rat and beaver tails,
Aspic of jelly-fish, octopus stew,
Shark-fin soup, and gurry-gur-roo:

When the Ichthyophagous dines.

When the Ichthyophagous dines
There'll be queer prog to eat,
The usual thing in the way of wines,
And a single course of meat.

The lobster will come in his coat of mail,
Weak stomachs will shrink from eating the snail,
But the brave ones will sample every dish,
Whether water-snake, musk-rat, snail, or fish,

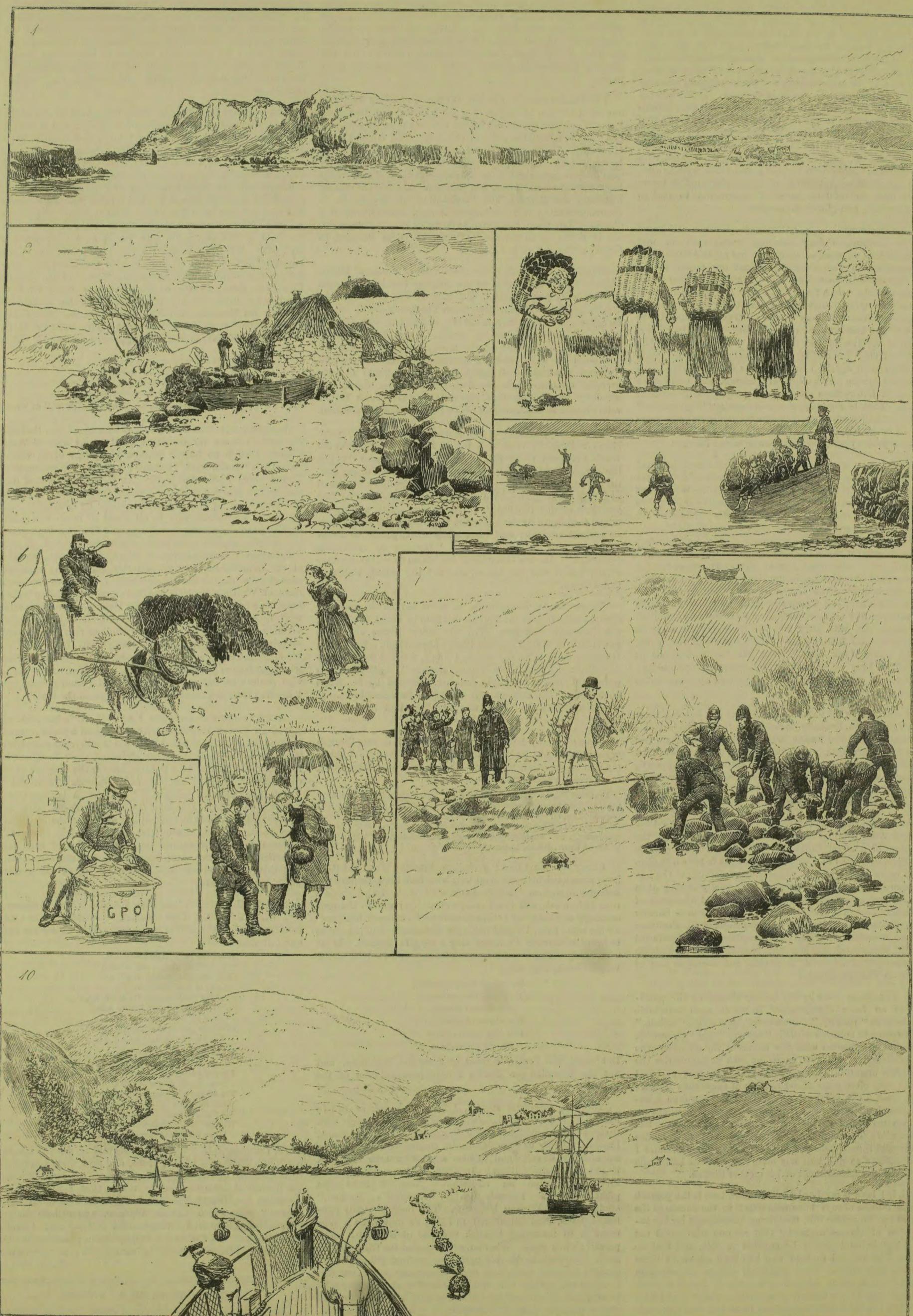
When the Ichthyophagous dines.

We'll, I only hope that when the Ichthyophagous dine in London Sir Henry Thompson will be there, and give them a practical demonstration of the virtues of conger-eel. I have italicised the line about the wines for the reason that I find that the guests at the Murray Hill Hotel dinner washed down their "fishy" repast with Latour Blanche, Amontillado sherry, Niersteiner, Château Laffitte, Cordon Rouge, and Ichthyophagous punch. Of what is Ichthyophagous punch made? Of the famous Madeira known to connoisseurs as "Governor Fish"?

G. A. S.

NEW STORY BY W. E. NORRIS.

Mr. Francillon's Tale, "Ropes of Sand," will be brought to a close in the Number for Dec. 27; and with the New Year will begin a New Story, entitled "Adrian Vidal," by W. E. Norris, Author of "Mademoiselle de Mersac," "Matrimony," "Thirby Hall," and other works.



1. Staffin, from the bay.

2. Crofters' huts at Portree.

3. Women of the crofters.

4. A Skye landlord.

5. Marines at Uig wading to their boats at low tide.

6. The postman's horn.

7. Police, under direction of the Sheriff, constructing a bridge for Marines bringing supplies to the Lodge.

9. Patriarch opening the crofters' meeting with prayer.

8. Field Lieutenant of H.M.S. Assistance sorting letters.

10. View of Uig, from bows of H.M.S. Assistance, with boats conveying Marines ashore, and H.M.S. Forester.

SKETCHES IN THE ISLE OF SKYE: THE CROFTERS' LAND LEAGUE.



BIRTHS.

On the 8th inst., at Addison-road, Kensington, Lady Francis Balfour, of a son.

On the 3rd inst., the Lady Wilhelmina Brooke, of a daughter.

On the 6th inst., at Rutland-gate, the Lady Margaret Littleton, of a daughter.

On the 8th inst., at Dundalk, the wife of Surgeon-Major C. McDonagh Cuffe, C.B., Medical Staff, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 6th inst., at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. Lionel Davidson, M.A., Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. Buchanan, late 5th Dragoon Guards, to the Lady Marion Bourne, widow of Sir J. Dyson Bourne, Bart., and only daughter of the late Marquis of Ely.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd inst., in London, Hutchinson Posnett, late Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Foot (Royal Scots), younger son of the late Hutchinson Posnett, J.P., of Rose Lodge, county Antrim.

On the 26th ult., suddenly, at 2, Stanhope-gardens, Bournemouth, George Meares, J.P., D.L., of Plas Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire, and Thorntill Lodge, Bitterne, Southampton, aged 55.

On the 7th inst., Violet, youngest child of Alex. K. Mackinnon, of 1, Gloucester-street, S.W., in her eighth year.

On the 6th inst., at Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Sir Henry James Seton Stewart, Bart., of Touch and Allanton.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accorsi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:

Messdames Kreus,	Messieurs Faure,
Devrès,	Vergé,
" Sala,	Capoul,
" Ponciano,	Borckstein,
" Frank-Dauverney,	Couturier,
" Bellora,	Villaret,
" Simmonet.	&c.

In addition to which the celebrated instrumentalists will appear:

VIOLINISTS.

Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.

PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.

HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.

The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.

The opening of the Tir aux Pigeons of Monaco will take place Dec. 16. The following is the Programme:

Tuesday, Dec. 16: Prix d'ouverture.

Saturday, Dec. 20: Prix de Décembre.

Tuesday, Dec. 23: Prix de Montecupo.

Saturday, Dec. 27: Prix de Noël.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:

Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Pouls of 100f. each.

Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'ouverture. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan. 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 20,000f. added to 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 5000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consultation. An object of Art and 1000f.

Letters of entry to be addressed to M. Blondon, Secretary of the Tir à Monaco, not later than Five o'clock on the evening previous to the Tir.

The concours of the Second Series will be duly announced.

NEWS FROM NICE.—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.

There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months; but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleansed or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.

The streets, now brushed daily, were never so clean and tidy, which fact, perhaps, accounts for the total absence of epidemics; and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.

Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would, I am sure, be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, Wakefield, or Waters, or Mr. Nicholls, the English qualified chemist here. In future, there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men, French, English, and others, is now in course of formation, so that untruthful scandals as to the sanitary condition of Nice may be avoided or exposed.

The prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised, and its members are now entitled to pension after faithful services, which fact will doubtless give them more moral fibre in the exercise of their functions.

The Théâtre Francaise, a new building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.

The Casino-Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Françaises, of which Mr. Cortelazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artistes for the Opéra Comique.

The Jetty Promenade, grace to an arrangement last effected between the Fire Insurance Company and the Directors of the Pier, is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The races will take place in February. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particularly of which are.

The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers, and those English, who were too timid to pass through Paris, have nevertheless found the means of coming on here by way of Amiens, Reims, and Dijon; while several who from fear fled into Switzerland during the panic are now en route to this bright and sunny land.

Nice, Dec. 8, 1884.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at 7.15, HAMLET. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett—Characters by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, derived from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful Tragedy Fance, by Comyns Carr. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.15, Carriages at 11. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. LAST NIGHTS OF CALLED BACK at this Theatre. This most successful play will be transferred to the Olympic Theatre on Boxing Night.—THE PRINCE'S.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE—MR. WILSON BARRETT,

Leasee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.15, HAMLET. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett—Characters by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, derived from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful Tragedy Fance, by Comyns Carr. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.15, Carriages at 11. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. LAST NIGHTS OF CALLED BACK at this Theatre. This most successful play will be transferred to the Olympic Theatre on Boxing Night.—THE PRINCE'S.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

LAST FOUR DAYS PRIOR TO THE HOLIDAYS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

Last Performances before the Christmas Holidays will take place as under:—MONDAY at 3 and 8. WEDNESDAY at 3 and 8. TUESDAY at 8 only. THURSDAY (Last Night) at 8 only. REOPENING on Christmas Eve, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 24, at 3 and 8.

FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.

Tickets can now be obtained, and places booked one month in advance, at Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. Residents in the country can secure tickets and places by post, upon sending cheques on P.O.O., together with stamps and directed envelope, to Mr. A. Austin, St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission.—Fanteuil, 2s.; Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 1s.

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DOLLY'S REVENGE. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

SATURDAY'S TUB. By F. DADD.

STORIES.

MISS BEE. By G. MANVILLE FENN.

A DIVIDED DUTY. By H. SAVILE CLARKE.

RIVALS TO THE END. By H. H. S. PEARSE.

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THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The past week has been quite uneventful in the quiet progress of Lord Wolseley's preparations up the Nile. Head-quarters were to be transferred to Ambukol this day (Saturday), and Lord Wolseley would arrive at Debbeh on Monday next. The force assembled at Ambukol by the end of this week would be about two thousand, including the Guards regiment of the Camel Corps, the Mounted Infantry of the Camel Corps, the Sussex regiment, and the Staffordshire regiment. It is possible that the Camel Corps may before long start on a march across the Desert, from Ambukol, to reach the Nile between Berber and Khartoum.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has sketched a capital view of the river bank at Wady Halfa, with dahabies unloading there; and on the deck of the steamer in front are seated at a table, two English correspondents, writing their "Christmas greetings" to their friends at home.

SKETCHES IN SKYE.

The resistance of the "crofters" or small tenants of the peasant class, both in Skye and in Lewis, to the legal service of notices interdicting them from pasturing their cattle on neighbouring lands formerly used in common, and in some cases of notices to quit their holdings, has not yet been put down. Our Artists furnish this week additional Sketches of various scenes in the Isle of Skye; the Bay of Uig, with the gun-boats Assistance and Forester lying there, and with a steam-launch towing the boats conveying 250 Royal Marines to the shore; the scenery near Staffin, on the eastern coast; the cottages of some crofters near Portree, the chief port of Skye; the police, under the direction of the Sheriff of Inverness-shire, laying a plank bridge across a stream for a party of Marines carrying stores to their temporary quarters at the Lodge on the hill above; another party of Marines, at Uig, wading in low water to their boats, having to get their dinner on board the Assistance; and the Field-Lieutenant of that ship, at Dunvegan, occupied in sorting the letters just arrived by post. Neither the Marines nor the county police have been actively molested, but the people of the island refuse to give them any accommodation. One Sketch represents an open-air meeting of the crofters, in the pouring rain, with the patriarchal elder of the village kirk engaging in a preliminary prayer. A portrait of Major Fraser, of Kilmuir, the landlord who first applied for police protection for the farmers threatened by the Land League agitation, has been sketched by one of our Artists, who also contributes the Sketches of peasant women laden with baskets of turf cut on the moors, of the postman in his pony-cart blowing his horn, and of other features in the rustic life of the island. The mail-steamer Lochiel has been withdrawn from her cruise round Skye, and has resumed her ordinary employment to and from the port of Ullapool.

Last Tuesday the Duke of Portland received the freedom of the burgh of Kilmarnock.

The three-hundred Board School in London was opened on Monday evening in Great Wild-street, Drury-lane. Mr. E. N. Buxton, chairman of the London School Board, presided.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday evening—Sir H. C. Rawlinson presiding—General J. T. Walker read a paper entitled "Four Years' Journeyings through Great Thibet by one of the Trans-Himalayan Explorers of the Survey of India," in which he dealt exhaustively with the geography of this region of Central Asia so far as it has yet been explored.

Dickens's Dictionaries of Oxford and Cambridge, the two latest additions to the series of pocket dictionaries with which the name of Charles Dickens the younger has been associated latterly, are equally useful with those that have already appeared. A large number of readers will be glad of such handy books of reference. They give the technical names and explain the established or classical slang names which are current in the Universities.

Punch's Almanack is in the field with its customary double-page cartoon, bearing the familiar initials "J. T.", and representing on this occasion Mr. Punch, attired in the costume worn by Mr. Wilson Barrett in the character of Claudio, receiving at the hands of Father Time eternal youth. In the foreground all sorts and conditions of men, and women also, are doing homage to Punch on one side; while on the other side the Signs of the Zodiac ("the ram, the bull, the heavenly twins," &c.) hail the "Benefactor of the Centuries." Above are divers sketches showing Punch battling for the right and helping the weak—in one case sternly sweeping away rubbish from Mud Salad Market, and in another blandly ladling soup to poor ragged Board-School children. Sport and society in town and country furnish the chief themes of the pictures in which M. Du Maurier and his associates indulge their humour and satire.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING AT ESHER.

The sympathy that is felt for the widowed young Duchess of Albany, and for her infant child born not long after her husband's lamented death, gives a peculiar interest to the ceremony performed at the Esher parish church on Thursday last week. The little Duke of Albany, born on July 20, 1883, was privately baptised a fortnight afterwards, at Claremont; but the more complete and public solemnisation of the act, by some additional rites, was reserved for this occasion. It was attended by her Majesty the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband; while Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Home Secretary, and the officers of the Royal household, were also in attendance. The Queen, who wore a black silk costume and black bonnet relieved by a bunch of white flowers, was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and was followed by the Duchess of Albany, wearing a long black crape veil. In attendance upon her Royal Highness were the Hon. Mrs. Moreton, and the nurse carrying the infant Duke, who was attired in a cape and dress of fine white cashmere, trimmed with white silk and fringe, while a white satin cloak, richly decked with lace, and a knitted woollen shawl, thrown over the christening robe, served to protect the Royal infant from the weather. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Winchester, the Very Rev. Randall T. Davidson (Dean of Windsor), the Rev. S. Warren (Vicar of Esher), and the Curate, the Rev. S. Letchworth. The Queen and the Duchess of Albany having taken their places near the chancel, with the memorial of

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon brought forward, for the first time in England, Herr Robert Heckmann—Concert-Meister at Cologne—who gave an excellent performance of Max Bruch's First Violin Concerto. The violinist's tone and execution are both of high quality, and his powers of expression were specially manifested in his rendering of the slow movement. He also gave, with much effect, Handel's Sonata in A, and a Reverie by Vieuxtemps. Three of the orchestral movements of Berlioz's dramatic symphony, "Roméo et Juliette" (including the very imaginative "Queen Mab" scherzo), and the overtures to "Der Freischütz" and "Tannhäuser," completed the instrumental selection. Madame Patey sang the "Inflammatus" from Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's song, "A Shadow," with fine expression. Mr. Manns conducted.

Madame Sophie Lowe gave the first of two musical evenings at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, yesterday (Friday) week, when the programme consisted of a selection (vocal and instrumental), from the works of Schubert and Schumann. The concert-giver and Miss Lena Little sang with effect several Lieder by both composers, and some two-part songs by Schumann; Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Miss E. Shinner having contributed, respectively, some excellent pianoforte and violin performances. The second concert—devoted entirely to music by Brahms—was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening.

Madame Cézanne (pupil of Liszt) gave a "Matinée d'Invitation" at Langham Hall last Saturday, when her programme included a varied selection of pianoforte music, chiefly of the brilliant school.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the fourth concert of the fourteenth season this week, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed.

The last Ballad Concert of the year took place this week, with a varied and attractive programme.

The first of a series of popular concerts, at Peckham, took place in the Public Hall there last Saturday evening. Some eminent vocalists were announced, together with Mr. M. Watson's choir of sixty voices.

The New Club Austrian Band gave their fifth concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon, under the direction of Capellmeister A. Dami.

An evening concert in aid of the Children's Penny Dinner was given on Thursday at Steinway Hall by Madame Dukus and her pupils.

The Kensington Orchestral and Vocal Society give a concert, vocal and instrumental, next Friday evening at the Townhall, Kensington. Selections from Mendelssohn's "Athalia," &c., will be produced.

Madame Sainton-Dolby will give the third of the present series of concerts of her Vocal Academy next Thursday evening, when the programme will be selected from the works of British composers.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Mrs. Meadows White (formerly Miss Alice Mary Smith). This accomplished lady has for several years been distinguished in musical art, both as a pianist and a composer. Among her many productions are some works of special importance, one of the best and most recent being her setting of Collins's "Ode to the Passions," for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra—produced with great success at the last Hereford Festival.

The Professional Pocket-Book (Rudall, Carte, and Co.); this is a useful daily and hourly engagement diary, with entries of the principal events—musical and otherwise—of the coming year, together with the ordinary business information. Being issued in advance, it is, of course, inevitable that some forthcoming events (probably not yet fixed) should not be named.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

In the course of thirty odd years, French plays and players have never failed to receive a hearty welcome to London, but have led a very migratory existence. They have wandered about uncertain of a house to shelter them, but sooner or later they have settled down contentedly enough in some comfortable quarter. Had it not been for the enterprise of Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, the elder playgoers of to-day would never have seen Rachel play Adrienne Lecouvreur, or Devrient act Hamlet at the St. James's; they would not have been familiar with the varied style and manner of Regnier, Geoffroy, Lafont, Ravel, Doche, Marie Laurent, and who shall say how many more French players of the past? For it must be remembered that, until the famous visit of the Comédie Française in 1870, we knew in London far less about the French stage than we know now. Mr. Mitchell imported for our pleasure and gratification all the famous French actors and actresses of the period down to Aimée Desclee, who sang her "swan's song" of art on the stage of the Princess's Theatre, and was literally a dying woman when she appeared as Frou-Frou, and in the "Maison Neuve," before an English audience. It was Mr. Mitchell also, if I mistake not, or at any rate through his influence, who suggested the merry little French play season at the Royalty when what would be called a provincial company in France, headed by MM. Didier and Schey, père, made a reputation in London that has outlasted the fame of greater actors.

The successor of Mr. Mitchell, as an energetic and liberal impresario, has been Mr. M. L. Mayer, who belongs to what may be called the Sara Bernhardt period, and has never failed to keep faith with the public for several summers past. If we have not seen the Comédie Française again in its full strength, we have welcomed individual members of it from time to time in the plays with which their talent is identified; and there has not been an entertainment in Paris, comedy at the Vaudeville, comedy-drama at the Gymnase, facetious burlesque and opera at the Variétés, and farce at the Palais Royal, that has not been ransacked for reproduction in London. But French plays in the summer, no matter how talented the artists, have been severely handicapped. What with fine weather, long days, driving and riding in the park, dinner parties, receptions, operas, and so on, it has been an extremely difficult matter to make a "good house" at the French Plays. It was convenient for the French artists to come over in the summer when "relâche" was placarded on most of the Parisian theatres, but it was not equally convenient for the English public to attend the play in hot weather. So Mr. Mayer bethought him of a winter season. He selected the little Royalty Theatre, which is now as popular for French plays as the old St. James's Theatre used to be; he managed to get several popular artists to cross the Channel, and hitherto the enterprise has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation. We have seen Jeanne May, the successor of Chaumont, in all her best characters; we have been presented with a very fair all-round performance of the famous comedy, "Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie"; we have all been delighted with the nervous and electric force of Mlle. Gerfaut in "L'Etrangère," an actress who is destined to take a very high place in the rank of French actresses. The dull November days have been cheered by such amusing trifles as "Tricoche et Cacolet" and "Les Domestiques," capital farces, played with spirit and intelligence; and Christmas-time is

to be specially pointed with a revival of "Le Réveillon." But perhaps the most interesting announcement of all is the one connected with the New Year at the French plays. We are at last to see Jane Hading and M. Damala in "Le Maître de Forges" ("The Ironmaster"), and shall be able to contrast them with Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, who have kindly removed their objection to the performance of this fine play in its original language. The haughty daughter of the vulgar chocolate manufacturer will be played by Mlle. Gerfaut, so a very admirable all-round performance may be expected.

Mr. Arthur Law is indefatigable in the speedy production of dramatic trifles to amuse the crowded audiences at German Reeds. If all other playwrights possessed the same faculty we should not so often complain of a barren market. But then, on the other hand, the managers of this excellent and time-honoured entertainment do not encourage long runs. Variety is their watchword. The last musical trifle issued is "A Peculiar Case," an amusing story that has a special significance now we are all discussing the Lunacy Laws, and ably rendered by Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. North Home, and Mr. Alfred Reed. During Mr. Corney Grain's absence in the East, where he is recovering his health under the Pyramids, his seat at the grand piano has been taken by Mr. Eric Lewis. When this clever gentleman announced that Mr. Grain would reappear on Boxing Day, there was great clapping of hands and shaking of fans!

C. S.

MR. FRANK POWER AND MR. O'DONOVAN.

The disastrous course of affairs in the Soudan has been attended with the loss of several English lives of men distinguished for their enterprise and courage in the service of providing intelligence for the public Press. A twelvemonth ago, when the news of the total destruction of Hicks Pasha's Egyptian army reached England, we gave a portrait of Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who had won high fame by his adventurous journeys among the Turkomans in Central Asia, and by his residence at Merv during the critical period following the Russian military advance into that wild region, and who had afterwards joined the ill-fated expedition to oppose the Mahdi in the interior of Eastern Africa. He was accompanied as far as Khartoum by a young Irishman, Mr. Frank Le Poer Power, acting in the capacity of secretary and assistant to Mr. O'Donovan, and engaged also to make sketches for a London illustrated paper, the *Pictorial World*. Mr. Power was about twenty-five years of age, belonging to a good family in Ireland, and had for a short time held a commission in the Austro-Hungarian army. Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Power were together at Berber, about July 20, 1883, on their way to join Hicks Pasha's army at Khartoum. The subsequent advance of that force to Kordofan was related, up to a certain point, in Mr. O'Donovan's last *Daily News* correspondence, and there is no doubt that he was killed in the massacre of the whole army in the field, early in November, when they approached the town of El Obeid. Mr. Power had remained at Khartoum to manage the forwarding of Mr. O'Donovan's letters and other business; and on Dec. 10, at the request of Colonel Coetlogon, then commander of the Egyptian garrison at Khartoum, the British Government was moved by Sir Evelyn Baring to appoint Mr. Power, the only other British subject there at the time, Consular Agent of the Foreign Office. About the same time, if we remember rightly, Mr. Power began to act as *Times*' correspondent at Khartoum; and his reports, transmitted by telegraph, were read in England with intense interest, but were frequently interrupted by the warfare on the Nile between Khartoum and Berber, during nine months of the present year. General Gordon, accompanied by Colonel J. D. Stewart, arrived at Khartoum on Feb. 17, and everybody will recollect Mr. Power's account of the enthusiastic reception of General Gordon by the people of that city, and of the acts by which he instantly showed his benevolent intentions towards them. The former commander, Colonel Coetlogon, shortly afterwards left Khartoum on his return to Egypt. Mr. Power on Feb. 2, wrote to the manager of the *Daily News*, Mr. J. R. Robinson, upon the subject of Mr. O'Donovan's death, and forwarded a note from Mr. O'Donovan himself; we are now permitted to give facsimile reproductions of both these interesting communications, accompanying the Portraits of their writers, which are copied from a group photograph taken in London by Mr. Fradelles, of Regent-street. Mr. Power survived Mr. O'Donovan a little more than ten months; he was with Colonel Stewart, in September last, at the bombardment of the enemy's position at Berber, after which they proceeded down the Nile in a steam-launch, which ran on the rocks of the Fifth Cataract, near a place called Ramsah or Boni Island. There were forty-four persons on board, including Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, British Vice-Consul, M. Herbin, French Consul, and several Greek traders, with their wives. Being obliged to leave the wreck of their vessel, they resolved to travel across the Desert to Merawi, on the Nile, below the Fourth Cataract, and they made a bargain with the Sheikhs of the Monassir tribe for safe conduct and help. It is believed that the party had a large sum of money with them, and this no doubt excited the murderous cupidity of the Arabs, and prompted the deed of treachery and cruelty that ensued. A few hours after their disembarkation, while resting from the fatigues of the journey, they were surrounded, by a horde of the merciless barbarians, and were massacred, with the exception of eight or nine, who contrived to escape by flight. It is said that Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power fought desperately, each killing several of their assailants, but not one of the Europeans, men or women, survived this atrocious massacre. The bodies of some of them were afterwards found drifting lower down the Nile.

An influential meeting of members of Cambridge University was held last Saturday, the Vice-Chancellor presiding, when it was resolved to establish a memorial of the late Mr. Fawcett.

Sir Arthur Elibank Havelock, K.C.M.G. (Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the West Africa Settlements), has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad.

Mr. J. T. Hibbert, M.P., will succeed Mr. Courtney as Financial Secretary of the Treasury; and Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., will succeed Mr. Hibbert as Under-Secretary for the Home Department.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar presided last Saturday evening at the anniversary dinner of the German Society of Benevolence, which took place at Willis's Rooms. Subscriptions to the amount of £1271 were announced.

Mrs. Gladstone opened last Saturday a lying-in hospital in Shadwell, one of the poorest and most densely populated districts of the metropolis. The hospital was originated by Lady Greville, and Mrs. Ashton Warner has given her services to the institution for a year as lady superintendent.

The Earl of Aberdeen opens this (Saturday) afternoon the new building of the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End-road, of the Tower Hamlets Mission, comprising coffee-palace, book-salon, young men's and young women's Christian Association rooms, and club-rooms.

LORD TENNYSON'S "BECKET."

Another dramatic poem on a subject of note in English history is added by Lord Tennyson to his "Harold" and "Queen Mary." He is sure to win, at least, the *succès d'estime* due to an author who has enriched contemporary literature with much fine poetry of a different kind. But it will probably remain an accepted critical judgment that his genius, which we all admire, is not peculiarly dramatic. The story of Becket's life and death is one of great dramatic interest. Modern readers will find it narrated with much precision and copiousness of detail, and in a very animated style, in Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury." The facts are mainly taken from the memoirs written by Becket's friend and secretary, Fitzstephen, presenting a lifelike portrait of the man, and describing with minute particularity all the circumstances of his romantic career and tragical fate.

An attempt has been made in this play, but we think unsuccessfully, to enhance the sentimental interest by combining that historical struggle with the half-mythical story of Fair Rosamund, her hidden "Bower" in the labyrinth at Woodstock, and the murderous exploit of Queen Eleanor, the proffered choice of death by poison or dagger. It is not at all consistent with the famous Archbishop's character and position, even after his previous habits of familiar companionship with Henry and his outward show of courtier-like quiet, that he should have mixed himself up with Rosamund's affairs. He was certainly not the man to undertake her protection from a sentiment of chivalrous compassion; and his ostentation of charity and pity for the oppressed was wholly expended in the arts of the clerical demagogue to gain the favour of the common people. Rosamund flying to Becket's house in London for refuge from the brutal pursuit of Fitzurse—Rosamund visited at Woodstock by the great Archbishop just in time to save her life from the jealous Queen—Rosamund quitting the Godstow Nunnery to intercede for her Royal lover against his excommunication by Becket, and witnessing the murder of the Archbishop in Canterbury Cathedral—must be pronounced unwarrantable and unlikely incidents, which destroy the unity of grave epic interest belonging to the protracted duel between Prelate and King. Thomas Becket was not the Caponsacchi of Browning's "Ring and Book," in whom a distressed woman might confide to shelter her at the expense of his ecclesiastical and political ambition. If he had been so tender-hearted, he would rather have renounced the See of Canterbury than have figured as the enemy of his Royal patron and the disturber of the realm. He would have retired to end his days of pious devotion in the French monastery, instead of voluntarily engaging, under no stress of Papal injunctions, in a violent and bitter conflict for the privileges of his own particular office in the Church.

It was, indeed, for this object, to assert the claim of the Primate, instead of the Archbishop of York and Bishop of London, to perform the rite of coronation, that Becket chose finally to incur the anger of the passionate King; and his obstinacy in this cause was the immediate occasion of his death. The arrogance of a unique position in the English hierarchy, not purely religious fanaticism, was the dominant note of his mind and conduct from the day when he began to wear the mitre. He met his death, as is well known, with personal fortitude, but with an ill-sustained affection of the martyr-spirit. To discern and exhibit the complex moral nature of this remarkable man would task the profound insight of Browning among poets of our own age; it is not given to Tennyson, who has other poetical gifts of surpassing excellence. We knew, before reading this play, as much of Becket and Henry as English history can tell, and his Lordship's work leaves us with no better knowledge than before.

Notwithstanding these serious objections, on the whole, to Lord Tennyson's treatment of the theme, and to his forced and ineffective conception of Thomas Becket as an ideal many-sided hero, every reader will expect to find noble passages of heart-stirring eloquence, beautiful gleams of idyllic loveliness (in the Woodstock scenes, and in Rosamund's womanly affection, which is supposed to be innocent, as she believes herself to be Henry's wife) and exquisite lyrical strains, here and there relieving the tension of a severe conflict of two masterful wills. These characteristic charms of Tennyson's poetry are still maintained; "Becket" is a work of the same author as the "Idylls of the King." Most of the incidents, though some are trivial, recorded by Fitzstephen, of the domestic and social intercourse of Becket and Henry before the appointment to the Archbishopric, and of Becket's sayings and doings afterwards in public and in private, are simply reproduced in this play, giving its scenes an air of reality which they would not otherwise have possessed. Such is the anecdote of Henry's leaping over the table, and the game of chess between them. The allusions to Becket's earlier prowess as a knight and soldier in the French war, to his lavish prodigality and the pecuniary claims brought against him, and the terms of the statutes that he was required to subscribe against the immunity of the clergy from the laws of the realm, are historically correct. The examples of vulgar English manners and talk, among menial servants, rustics, and beggars, are deficient in genuine humour, and have an unpleasing effect. This new play, which is dedicated to Lord Selborne because Becket was once Lord Chancellor, is by no means the best work of its illustrious author; but all the world must read it, and there is something in it, more or less, for all to admire. It is published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Knaresborough has again elected a Conservative, in room of the late Mr. T. Collins, Colonel Gunter having been returned by a majority of fifty-two over Mr. Holden.

Mr. Millais has completed an excellent three-quarter portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which will be shown in next year's exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Sir Moses Montefiore has forwarded to each of the clergy in the several parishes around Ramsgate £20 for distribution amongst the deserving poor.

At the fifteenth anniversary festival of the Metropolitan Beer and Wine Trade Asylum and Benevolent Fund, held in St. James's Hall on Tuesday, subscriptions were announced to the amount of 1550 guineas.

In London last week 2385 births and 1764 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 263, and the deaths 95, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 37 deaths from smallpox, 28 from measles, 23 from scarlet fever, 29 from diphtheria, 28 from whooping-cough, 12 from dysentery, and none from cholera.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate and on board boats lying off that place 27 tons 6 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. The fish seized included coal-fish, cod, crabs, gunnels, haddocks, hake, herrings, lobsters, mussels, oysters, periwinkles, plaice (3½ tons), salmon, shrimps (3 tons), skates, smelts, soles, sprats (4 tons), turbot, weavers, and whiting (8 tons). In November, 1 ton 4 cwt. of fish was condemned at Farringdon Market, and 1 ton 5 cwt. at Columbia Market.

The Palace Khartoum
2nd Feb 1884

Dear Sir

I send under registered cover by
the post the letters lying in
the post office here for the late Mr
Edmond O'Donovan your correspondent
his baggage which he left here
I have secured sealed and will for-
wards as soon as a route for
baggage Caravans is open he took
almost all his traps with him

I am Sir

yours faithfully
Frank Power
H.B.M.'s Consul

Khartoum

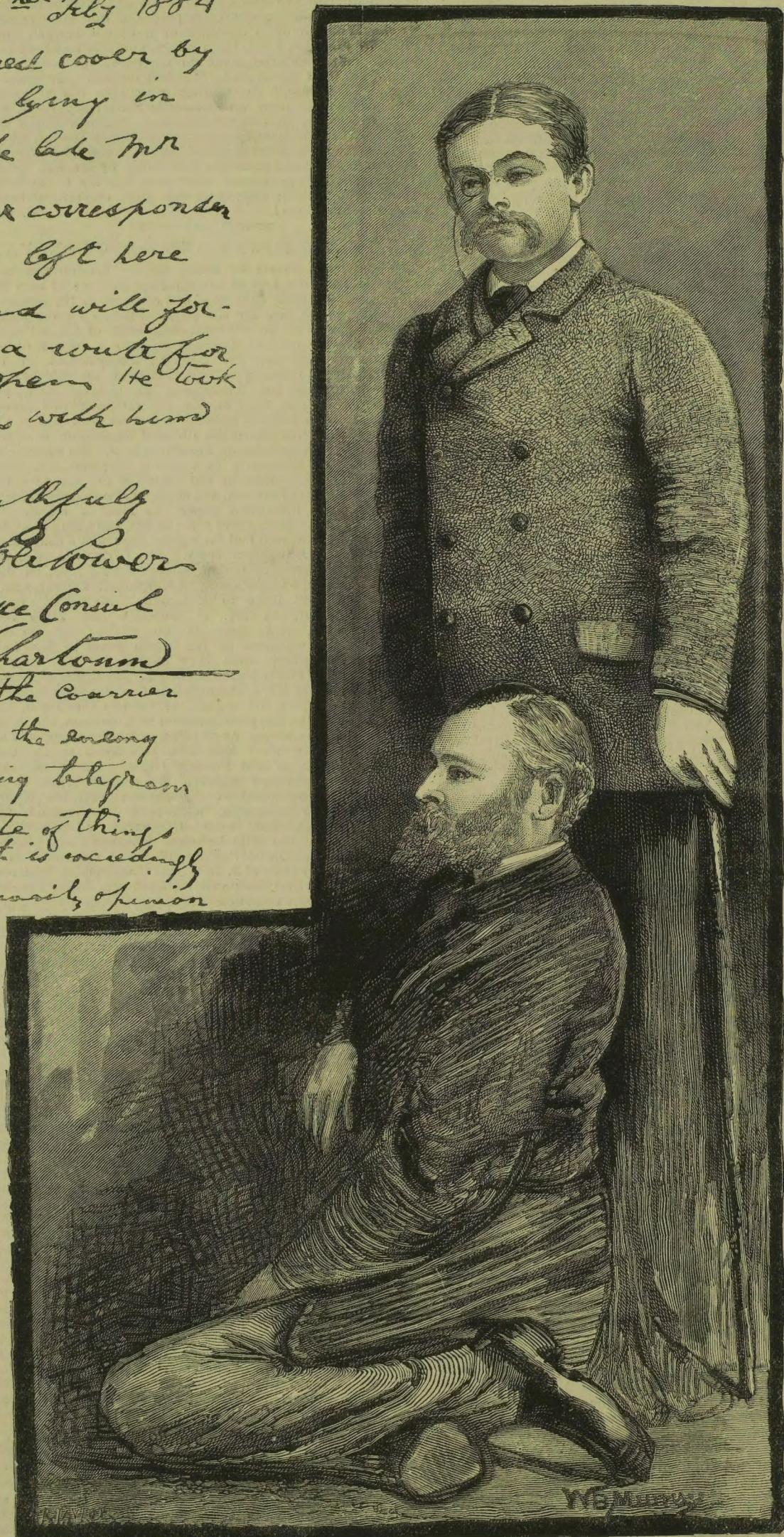
By the carrier

who carries this through the enemy
behind us I send a long telegram
about the general state of things
which for the moment is exceedingly
disagreeable; as the friendly opinion
is that we are running
a terrible risk in
abandoning communication.

ations with our base on
the Nile and march
230 miles into an
almost unknown
country. General Hicks
has just sent for me to
say that this is the last
opportunity we shall
have for "some weeks"
of communication with
the external world.

* * *

I remain dear Mr. Robinson - I hope
in spite of our ugly prospects here sans affect
dying yours
E. O'Donovan





Edward R. King 1850

FAGINENT. 16

VILLAGE WAITS REHEARSING.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

On ordinary occasions, when Parliament is prorogued in August, Ministers and members of both Houses leave St. Stephen's with alacrity. In breaking up for the Christmas Holidays, after the brief Autumn Session, legislators may be excused for having exhibited a faint reflex of the exuberance of their Eton days. The pleasures of shooting, hunting, and yachting had been foregone for a month and more—all on account of the questions of Redistribution and County Franchise. The wit of the new Criterion comedy, "The Candidate," served to mitigate to some degree the dullness of the later nights of November, which were devoted to the repassing of the Franchise Bill by the Commons. But the Compromise between the Opposition and Ministerial leaders deprived the debate on Redistribution of its salt. Wherefore must all have departed from Westminster with a feeling of relief for the preserves and Country Houses waiting for ennobled senators.

The single-member feature of the Redistribution of Seats Bill, rational though it will be found to be on examination and reflection, has not escaped adverse criticism both in and out of the House. Delivering his first speech since his retirement from the Ministry, and speaking from a seat below the gangway on the Ministerial side, Mr. Leonard Courtney on the 4th inst. took the Commons into his confidence, and in an earnest speech recited his reason for resigning his post—i.e., an invincible repugnance to the Redistribution Bill because it did not adopt his favourite principle of the representation of minorities. Mr. Courtney also objected to the "one-member system." It was in his happiest and most slashing debating vein that the Prime Minister demolished his arguments. Replying to his hon. friend's expression of regret at being compelled to disown his political connection with the Government, Mr. Gladstone gracefully bore witness to the fact that "in the departure of" Mr. Courtney "from the service of the Crown and of the nation we have sustained a heavy loss." As Mr. Courtney had cited the opinion of the late President Garfield in favour of the Minority principle, the Premier, in his liveliest style, threw doubt on the soundness of that distinguished personage's judgment by pointing out that, whilst he was a member of the Cobden Club, he yet "appeared in America as the Protectionist Candidate for the Presidency." With similar force did Mr. Gladstone apply this pertinent retort to the hon. member for Liskeard :

It is a little hard upon the one-member system which my honourable friend treats as guilty of having produced a great decadence in the character of this House, that it is thus vehemently condemned by the representative of a one-member constituency (Cheers and laughter). My right hon. friend who sits by me and I myself are among the degenerate individuals whom one-member constituencies have chosen (A laugh).

Indeed, for lucidity of exposition, adroitness of reply, brightness, and comparative brevity, this lively speech of Mr. Gladstone's should take rank among the best Parliamentary addresses of the year. In itself, notwithstanding it opened with a frank allusion to an "inability to grapple with details as in former years," the speech may well be accepted as proof conclusive that the Premier, although within a few days of his seventy-fifth birthday, remains unrivalled as a Parliamentary debater. Sir H. Tyler, nevertheless, had the hardihood to move as an amendment:

That in the opinion of this House the principle of representation in proportion to population should be adopted in place of arbitrary figures as a basis, in order to obtain a logical, judicious, and permanent settlement of the question of redistribution of seats.

Faithful among the faithless found, Mr. Henry Chaplin nailed his true blue colours to the mast, and delivered a highly finished elocutionary display against the bill, being rewarded by the mock condolence of Mr. Goschen, whose hesitating mind has been so greatly educated with regard to Parliamentary Reform of late. Sir John Lubbock mildly entered a plea for "Proportional Representation," and a protest against "single-seat constituencies." Finally, the amendment was negatived without a division, and the Redistribution Bill read the second time amid Ministerial cheers. Next day, the Lords read the third time the Franchise Bill, which received Royal sanction on Saturday, when Parliament was adjourned till the 19th of February.

VILLAGE WAITS REHEARSING.

The accustomed minstrelsy of Christmas Eve at the house-doors of many English homes, more particularly in rural neighbourhoods, is yearly renewed by volunteer musicians, both vocal and instrumental, mostly recruited from the village artisans and labourers of the better class. Two venerable old fellows, performers respectively on the flute and the clarionet, have played together every Christmas for more than half a century; and here we see them again, some days beforehand, rehearsing at home the music of a Carol, which will resound at midnight in the churchyard and in the Rectory garden, and on the lawn before the Squire's Hall, and at the principal residences in the village street.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

A great variety of these offerings of friendship and love, all of an artistic character, are issued by Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., the excellence of whose productions is too well known to require comment. Charming specimens have also been received from Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon-street—some of them hand-painted ivory cards, and hand-painted pearl; from Mr. Albert Marx, and Messrs. Davidson Brothers, both of Jewin-street—generally the popular and cheaper form of these trifles, yet meriting praise; and from Mr. Harding, of Piccadilly—special originalities, mostly sporting subjects drawn by artists of note.

Messrs. Sparagnapane and Co., of Milton-street, forward a few specimens of their latest novelties in the way of cosaques, which give great fun to the young ones; and Mr. Cremer, jun., of Regent-street, sends a box of toys and games of different kinds, at the popular price of one shilling each article—notable for the finish of manufacture as well as for their cheapness.

In the brief account given last week of the action brought by Mrs. Weldon against Dr. Forbes Winslow, in the Court of Queen's Bench, it was omitted to be stated that Mr. Winslow gained the verdict upon the first point relating to the professional report sent by him to the husband, on the ground of absence of all malice therein.

Dudley and Stephens, late captain and mate of the Mignonette, were on Tuesday brought from Holloway Prison to the Royal Courts of Justice, to receive sentence for the wilful murder of Richard Parker, under stress of famine, at sea. The Court consisted of Lord Coleridge, Justices Grove and Denman, and Barons Pollock and Huddleston. Sentence of death was formally pronounced by the Lord Chief Justice, who, however, expressed the unanimous concurrence of the Court in the recommendation to mercy by the Jury and by the presiding Judge at the trial. His Lordship did not assume the black cap, nor did he add the usual prayer for mercy on the souls of the condemned men. It is announced that the Home Secretary has advised the Crown to grant a respite.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Dec. 10. The year is drawing to a close in the midst of extraordinary quietness. The rate of discount is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent under the Bank of England standard of 5. There is no chance, however, of the Bank authorities making a reduction until the turn of the year. In a week or so there will be the usual preparation to pile up balances against the last day of the year, and with January will come disbursements of many kinds. But the revenue payments will soon replace money with the Bank of England, and then the Bank rate will need to be lowered to at least 4 per cent. This will be in favour of the best stocks, and there is already some steady buying of the British 2½ and 3 per cents. From quite other motives there is also more doing in Foreign Bonds, though these are more in favour in Berlin than in London. Many American Railway issues are the subject of special attention, but the movements are still conflicting. Mexican Railway stocks are once more receding. Canadian are better, one reason being the receipt of a telegram from the managers of the Grand Trunk to the effect that some of the rates are to be restored. The news from Canada in regard to traffic is not very favourable, for the prices of produce are low, and up to the latest date good roads had not been made by the firm snow. Atlantic Cable stocks and shares have been fluctuating of late, in connection with the injury to the Mackay-Bennett cables, now, it is believed, repaired.

The Board of Trade returns to the end of November are disappointing. For that month the value of the imports was £30,752,000, as compared with £36,526,000 in the same month last year; and in the eleven months the decline has been from £39,615,000 to £35,689,000. The exports have also gone down considerably. For the month the figures were £17,704,000 this year, and £20,054,000 last; and for the eleven months the reduction is from £220,858,000 to £215,087,000. These smaller totals are, to a large extent, due to the diminished value of raw material and produce of nearly all kinds. The average reduction in the value of all imported goods is 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and in exported goods it is 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Like the other and more prosperous Indian railways, the Oude and Rohilkund Company makes a good showing in its report for the half-year to June 30 last. The net revenue is the largest ever experienced, amounting to £160,933, or within £2730 of the amount required to pay the guaranteed rates of interest. This company still keeps an account with the Indian Government of advances made under the guarantee, and as the stockholders rank for one-half of all surplus over the agreed rate of dividend, some additions are now in prospect. The other half of such surplus goes towards repaying amounts due to the Government under the guarantee. When all this shall have been repaid, the company retains all its income. The total amount owing by the company to the Government up to the end of June last was £1,873,394.

At the time, a considerable degree of uneasiness was displayed by holders of water-works property by the decision of the House of Lords as to the meaning of the expression "annual value." No doubt the earnings of some of the companies have been affected by the reassessments which have had to be made in the ratings. This loss, however, has, at any rate in the case of the Chelsea Water-Works Company, been more than compensated by the large increase in the district served, the receipts for the half-year to June last being such as to enable the directors to recommend a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, comparing with 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum for the previous three half-years.

The quarterly dividend of the New York Central and Hudson River Railway Company is announced at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. This is the scale adopted in October last, after 8 per cent had been paid for thirteen years.

A native Japanese banking company is from Jan. 1 next to have a branch in London. Heretofore, the late Oriental Bank did the work in London of the Japanese Government, and now it may be supposed that it will be done by this native bank.

T. S.

BENTLEY PRIORY, GREAT STANMORE.

Among the most pleasant places of rural England are those distinguished by the title of Abbey or Priory; and Bentley Priory, ten or eleven miles from London, is one of the fairest. Situated on a western spur of the range of hills, near the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, it has an elevation of nearly 500 ft., but is so placed on the slope of the hill as to be sheltered from the northern and eastern winds. A beautiful view is that seen from the terrace of the mansion. The land falls rapidly, in varied undulations, to a charming lake, the apparent dimensions of which are enhanced by its extremities being hidden in foliage. In the middle distance is seen the picturesque outline of Harrow-on-the-Hill, forming a point to which the lines of the landscape converge. Beyond, through blue mists, the breath of Father Thames, are softly shown, in succeeding lines, the ranges of the Surrey hills. All the nearer parts of the prospect are ornamented by forest trees in great variety, now in their full prime before time has begun to spoil their fair proportions. The immediate foreground is occupied by a noble Italian Garden. The reader will get some idea of this view from the first of our illustrations.

The history of the first institution of a religious house here is somewhat obscure. We are told it was originally established by the monks of St. Albans. An event recorded by Mathew Paris—the suffocation of one of its priors beneath a "mow" of corn—proves that it existed in 1258. We come to more certain history in 1543. In that year it was conveyed by Archbishop Cranmer to King Henry VIII. in exchange for other lands. That monarch had previously transferred it from its former owners to the monks of St. Gregory, at Canterbury. He afterwards granted the house and estate to Henry Needham and William Sacheverell; from them it passed through different hands, until it was purchased by the Earl, afterwards the Marquis, of Abercorn, the grandfather of the present Duke. To the Earl is mainly due the noble character of the mansion, and the tasteful planting of the demesne. While in the occupation of the Hamiltons, their frequent hospitality drew hither many celebrated persons of the day. Mr. Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Lords Sidmouth and Liverpool, and Sir Robert Peel were visitors here. "The travelled Thane Athenian Aberdeen" resided here many years, being the step-father and guardian of the present Duke. It is interesting to observe that the poets Southey, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, and Rogers spent some time amidst the sylvan beauties of this place. A summer-house near the lake is pointed out as the place where Sir Walter Scott wrote portions of "Marmion"; and Samuel Rogers is said to have been inspired by these peaceful scenes in some parts of the "Pleasures of Memory." Lady Morgan, Sydney Smith, and others also visited at Bentley.

George IV. came to the Priory when Prince Regent, meeting Louis XVIII. here; and there is a site in the Cedar Garden traditionally called the meeting-place of the Four Emperors, who are recorded to have come here during the visit of the Allied Monarchs to England after the defeat of Napoleon. In 1848, Queen Adelaida, then in declining health, by the advice

of her physicians, came to live here for the benefit of the salubrious air. During her residence, she received visits from Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; one of them being on the occasion of their inspection of Harrow School, in 1848, when an illustration appeared in this Journal showing the aspect of the house at that time.

The Priory was purchased in 1852 by Sir John Kelk, Bart., from whom it passed into the possession of Mr. Frederick Gordon. Sir John Kelk greatly enhanced its beauties by judicious planting and opening out, he added the fine Tuscan portico to the garden front of the house, and the campanile or clock tower. The last-named conspicuous addition enables people to distinguish Bentley Priory from the flagstaff on Hampstead-heath.

The interior of the mansion has a stately beauty worthy of its surroundings. The entrance-hall, staircase, and reception-rooms are of grand dimensions and graceful proportions. From a circular room, formed after the model of the Tribune in the Pitti Palace, doors lead to a dining-room, measuring 40 ft. by 30 ft.; and a grand drawing-room, of the length of 52 ft. There are other rooms, including the library and the morning-room, in character with these; and there is also a magnificent conservatory. Our page of illustrations will give some idea of this beautiful place.

There are rumours that Bentley Priory may be converted into a residential hotel. We can only hope that, if this be the case, it will escape the tasteless treatment that too often attends the conversion of ancestral mansions to commercial uses. It would certainly afford a delightful retreat from the bustle of the London season.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 9. The Ministry, after having survived all the dangers of the Tonquin debate, almost came to grief last week over the Senatorial Reform Bill, the majority having on Tuesday voted directly against the Cabinet. The next day, however, M. Ferry explained to the Chamber that the majority was only a fictitious one, and that therefore the Cabinet would not resign. Yesterday the Senate voted the bill modified in a form such as the Cabinet would accept, but contrary to the vote of the majority of Tuesday last. And to-day (Tuesday) the Government gained a signal victory in the Chamber, which rejected M. Floquet's motion for the election of Senators by universal suffrage and departmental voting. This was rejected by 280 votes to 227, and the Senatorial Reform Bill was then passed by 330 votes to 174.

The French Academy completed its number last Thursday by electing MM. Victor Duruy, James Bertrand, and Ludovic Halévy to the chairs left vacant by the deaths of Mignet, J. B. Dumas, and the Count d'Haussonville. M. Duruy is an ex-Minister of Public Instruction under the Empire and author of a history of Rome; M. Bertrand is a mighty mathematician; M. Halévy is one of the creators of operetta, the other two being M. Henri Meilhac and the late Jacques Offenbach. One hardly expects to find such a frivolous kind of literature as the libretto of operettas, even of those fine satires of "Barbe Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse," and "Orphée aux Enfers," conducting their author to the immortality of the Academy. Those excessively Parisian comedies "Frou-Frou," "La Boule," and "La Cigale," are equally unacademic, in spite of all their wit. Why, then, was M. Halévy elected? Because, three years ago, after having successfully toyed with frivolity and elegant corruption during twenty lucrative years, he saw an opportunity of successfully toying with virtue, and wrote a goody-goody story, "L'Abbé Constantin," as a protestation against the nastiness of Zola and his school. The Academy elected M. Halévy as a token of their disapproval of the "Naturalist" literature of the day. It may be remarked that M. Halévy is the first Israelite who has ever belonged to the French Academy.

The *Figaro*, which last year introduced the custom of illustrated Christmas numbers into France, has just issued its second *Figaro Illustré*. The text is written by notable persons, such as Sardou, Zola, Ohnet, Banville, Coppée; the music is due to the pens of Massenet and Métra; the illustrations are by Detaille, De Neuville, Le Blant, Gervex, Duez, Bracquemond, &c. Certainly, from the artistic and literary point of view, the *Figaro* gloriously betrays its place of origin as that France where the very atmosphere which one breathes seems to be impregnated with art. The only criticism I should be tempted to make is relative to the mechanical execution. The mere press work is still far behind our English press work; and the printing of several of the coloured plates is muddy. The drawings, too, are made for the most part on grained paper, and reproduced by a mechanical process of great excellence, but still a hard and imperfect one. Nevertheless, in spite of certain material defects, there is a novelty, a variety, and an artistic quality in the *Figaro Illustré* which might warn some of our Anglo-Saxon contemporaries to look to their laurels.

Morin, the victim of the vengeance of Madame Clovis Hugues, died on Sunday night, after ten days of horrible suffering. The martyrdom of Morin, who remained conscious but speechless during all his tortures, has ended by provoking a sentiment of pity on the part of the public, and almost a revulsion of opinion against the personal justice of the nervous Madame Hugues. The trial is to take place in the middle of January.

Paris appears to be recovering its usual animation, as far at least as the Parisians are concerned, for the foreigners have not yet returned and the hotels remain empty. The shops are all preparing their winter exhibitions of toys and presents of all kinds. It is to be noticed that at the present moment everything is à l'Anglaise. After the Exhibition of 1878 Vienna nicknacks became all the rage, and the old *article de Paris* was driven out of the market by Viennese morocco goods, glass and silver. Now the English article is the order of the day, and the fashionable presents are English tea-services, toilet necessaries, travelling-bags, writing-cases, desk ornaments, silver-ware hammered and incrusted with gold and oxydised metals, English leatherwork, and, in fact, all the usual contents of the windows of the elegant shops in Piccadilly and Regent-street. In the minor arts, the only supremacy which the French seem still to maintain is in hair-dressing and feminine costumes.

T. C.

Lord Dufferin landed at Bombay on Monday afternoon, and was received with great enthusiasm, an immense number of Europeans assembling to greet him. The Corporation presented an address of welcome, to which Lord Dufferin replied at some length, paying, in the course of his speech, a compliment to Lord Ripon's devotion and strong sense of duty.

The generous donor who anonymously forwarded last year 5000 new sixpences to the editor of *Truth*, for distribution amongst the children in the London hospitals and workhouses, has this year sent 8000 similar coins, with a request that the Editor of *Truth* will distribute them at Christmas amongst the children in the London workhouses, workhouse-infirmaries, and workhouse-schools.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

The Smithfield Club Cattle Show was opened on Monday at the "Royal" Agricultural Hall with a display of animals unprecedented in numbers and very excellent in quality. The Queen took four first prizes in the most important cattle classes; whilst the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were also amongst the winners of prizes. The champion prize for the best beast in the show was awarded to Mr. Robert Worley, Suffolk, Norfolk, for a magnificent cross-bred steer. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to the show during the judging on Monday.—A large number of visitors inspected the cattle on Tuesday. The Earl of Jersey presided over the annual meeting of the Smithfield Club, at which congratulations were exchanged upon the prosperity of the club, and upon the absence of contagious disease, so that cattle may be moved in London without a license. Sir W. Gordon Cumming was elected the President for next year, and Mr. Colman, M.P., for 1886. The Earl of Jersey presided in the evening at the annual dinner of the London Farmers' Club held in the Inns of Court Hotel. Mr. Clare S. Read, M.P.; Mr. T. Buckingham, M.P.; Lord Vernon; Mr. Phipps, M.P.; and others addressed the company.

Mr. Jacob Wilson, the well-known honorary director of the Royal Agricultural Society, was on Monday night entertained at dinner at Willis's Rooms, the Duke of Richmond presiding, and presented with a cheque for 3000 guineas for his services to agriculture.

The annual show of the Leeds Smithfield Cattle Club was opened on Tuesday. There were 1032 entries, compared with 986 last year. The Prince of Wales was an exhibitor in two classes of cattle, and his Royal Highness's exhibits were highly commended.

At a meeting of the Farmers' Club on Monday, Mr. J. Howard, M.P., read a paper on farm rents. He said the only source of relief for the farmer of arable land was a substantial reduction of rent. Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., declared that rents must come down to what they were fifty years ago.

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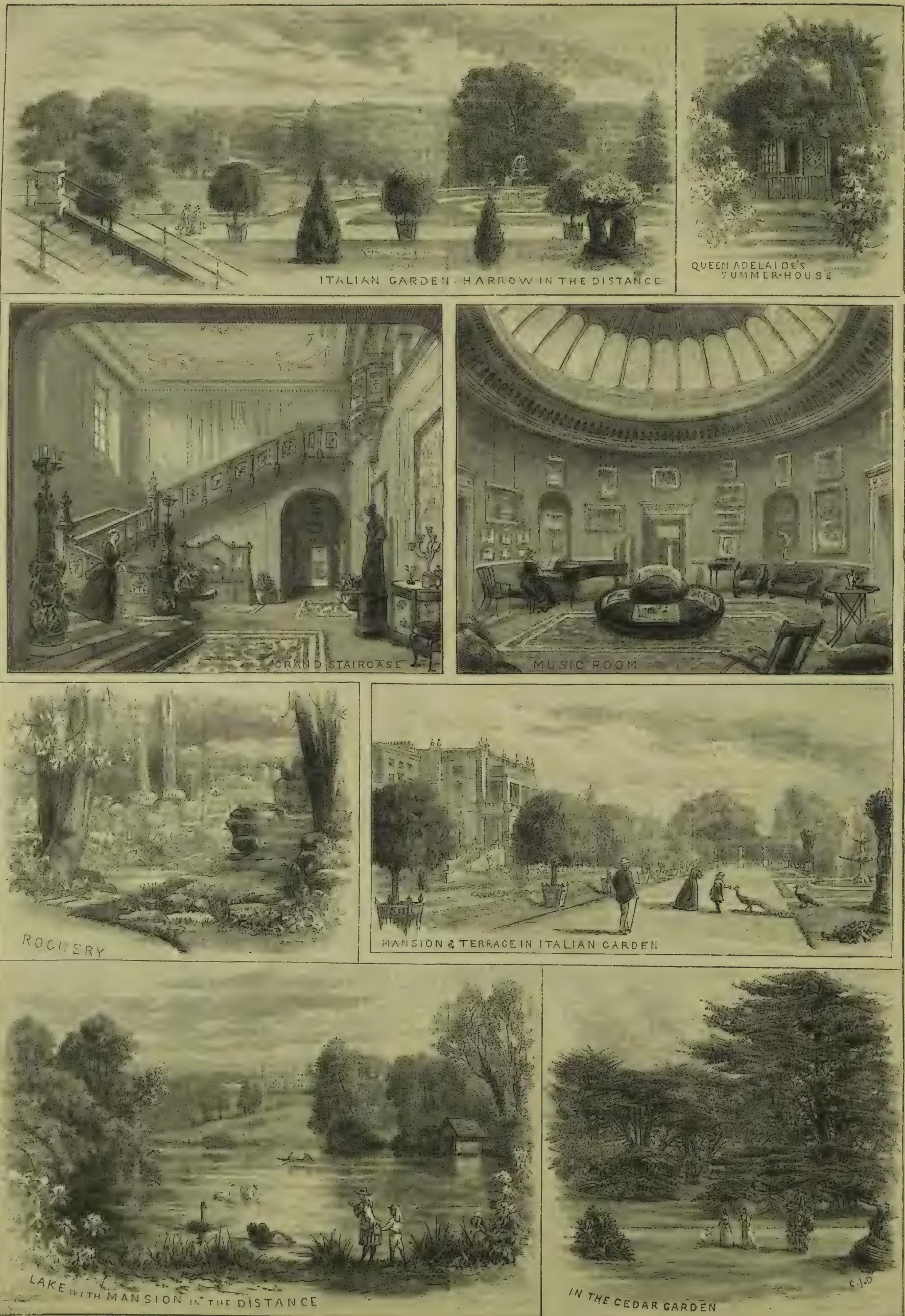
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THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Society of British Artists seems to have taken a new lease of life and, in the presence of its numerous competitors for the support of painters and the public, to display an amount of enterprise long absent from its councils. This winter's exhibition shows a very remarkable advance upon its predecessors of many past years, proved not so much in any individual works, as in a general raising of the standard of the pictures admitted. There is no reason to connect this revival with the enrolment of Mr. J. M. Whistler as a

"British artist"; but the two contemporary events suggest food for thought. Mr. Whistler marks his entry among his new-found brethren by two characteristic works—a delightful little water-colour, "A Little Red-Note" (44), a reminiscence (*à la Whistler*) of that most picturesque of Dutch towns, Dordrecht; and a full-length portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth (296), which the artist calls an "arrangement" in black and white. Mr. Whistler, however, must look for rivals, even among British artists; for there is one, Mr. Sidney Starr, who seems to have been stealing Mr. Whistler's thunder, and in a little "Study" (215), has produced the figure of a girl with much of Mr. Whistler's grace and more than his decision of outline. Mr. Starr has three other sketches, chiefly coast scenes, and a clever little pastel, "Evening" (478), which shows great refinement and taste. Another recruit, on whose addition to its ranks the Society is to be congratulated, is Mr. S. J. Solomon, whose "Crab Fishermen" (10), shows strong evidence of careful study, and a desire to strike out something which shall be original without



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being affected. A better known and more experienced artist, Mr. J. R. Reid, also sends a work which may mark a new departure for this skilful artist. "Chiswick Mall" (305) is altogether free from that colouring and mannerism which has marred (or marked) Mr. Reid's later productions, and is replete with a poetry of daily life, of which the late Cecil Lawson gave occasional proofs. Mr. Reid's other work, "The Evening After the Storm" (115), is simpler in its construction, but skilfully rendered. There are, however, several landscapes in this exhibition which deserve attention; and especially may be noted Mr. Picknell's, "After the Storm" (350), in which the fleecy, luminous clouds are in strong contrast with the dark edge of the moor; Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Poole Harbour" (78), and "Evening" (360); Mr. G. S. Walters' "Autumn Evening on the Maas" (279), the apotheosis of motionless trees, clouds, water, shipping, all apparently held by the glory of the setting sun. Mr. Yeend King's "Impedimenta" (376) is a pleasant showy landscape, with a lady walking beside a flowing stream. A small child is playing amongst the grass, and at a distance, apparently, is the lady's sketching apparatus. Of the three water-colours by Mr. Yeend King "Les Blanchisseuses" (698), a bright group of girls on the bank of a river, has force as well as delicacy. Mention should also be made of Mr. John White's "Promise of the Year" (11), a girl leading two lambs beside a field of standing corn; of Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Rough Weather off the Lido" (37); of Mr. Halfnight's "Evening" (83), an old road skirting the birch



IMPEDIMENTA. BY YEEND KING.

wood, full of melancholy; and of Mr. J. S. Wells's old cart-horse at the stable-door, to which he has given the somewhat obscure title of "A Rustic Orpheus" (357). Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood's "Pet Heifer" (277) and "Study of a Head" (386) are painted with his usual care and skill; and the President Mr. John Burr's "Strolling Photographer" (264) and "The Merry Month of June" (248) are worthy of being placed in close proximity to Sir John Gilbert's "Baggage Waggon," one of the most successful of his works, of which the scene is laid in neither courts nor camps.

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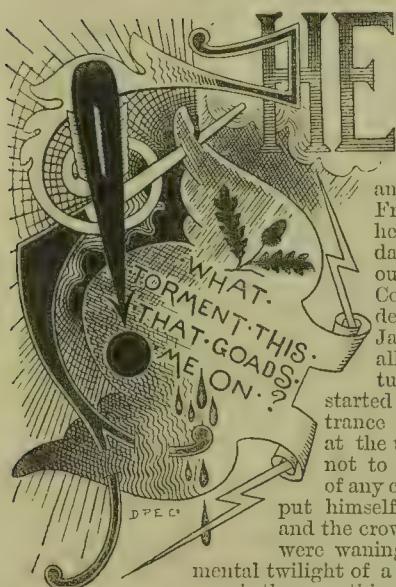
Francis gave the horse his head; and Cucumber Jack put himself between his master and the crowd.

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AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME.



drunken and ragged regiment of Les Bosquets scattered in panic before their new master—a horse that saw nothing but a thin black line between his hoofs and the open green plain. Francis gave him his head, kept his own, and dashed through, without waiting to see if Colonel Thunderbolt was dead or alive. Cucumber Jack, before whose eyes all things were again turning into a haze, started out of his returning trance and, making a circuit at the top of his speed so as not to startle the horse out of any course he might choose, put himself between his master and the crowd. He knew his wits were waning again; but, in the mental twilight of a dog's brain, faithfulness is the one thing that stands out clear. A dog will put itself between his master and a pursuing army; and so did he.

But suddenly he became aware of a new sensation, familiar, alas, to most of us, but absolutely unknown to him. It was what we call—Pain. Never, since he had owned a body, had that body troubled him, from scalp to toe. But now a sharp, cutting blow seemed to pierce his right side under the ribs, and to send deadly shootings through all his nerves, as when the first stroke of the barbarous axe falls upon a young oak-tree. It was a mystery, as well as an agony. There had been no sound of firing, and none had been bold enough to pursue an armed man, mounted upon a horse with heels that could lash and kick as well as fly. The pain was bad enough; but not so bad as the terror belonging to the unknown. The instinct of the dog turned to that of the stag, whose one thought is the deep green covert where pain cannot come.

We have something to be thankful for, to whom pain comes as an old acquaintance, with his "Ah, here I am once more." We know his best and his worst—how much he can do, and how much we can bear. Indeed he comes, mostly, less as an acquaintance than as a friend, or rather than as a kinsman, whom we know as long as we have known ourselves: and, still rather, as a teacher, who has taught us to know ourselves, and feel for others, and to meditate on the thousand and one

mysteries he stands for, so far as we may. In short, he is the chief teacher of wisdom, if only we know how to learn. But when he comes as a stranger! The man who, even now that he had come, did not know him even by name, was at first paralysed by terror: then inspired. He did not run: he flew.

Francis Carew, thinking he could not do better than follow so marvellously cool a hand, contrived to quiet his horse down after the first burst over the grass, and adapted his pace to the long striding bounds of the panic-stricken creature whom he supposed to be his guide. Inasmuch as Cucumber Jack was now more unaccountable than ever, there was nothing for it but to put faith in him, and ride on.

"Nance?" said he, having at last a moment to breathe in.

"Yes, Sir?" asked she.

"What in the name of Heaven brought you from home among these devils? What had you to do with the Indies? Look at Cucumber Jack, how he covers the ground. If it hadn't been for him—but we won't talk of that, for a hundred years to come. Why are you here? You'd best hold my waist tight, Nance—this saddle wasn't meant for two. Do you remember helping me to get away from Hornacombe Sands? And the Maiden? Ah—I wonder if I shall ever see the Steeple again?"

There was no occasion to bid her watch the man whom she had crossed the world to follow. A hundred rescues such as that of to-day could not wipe away her father's blood from his hands. What was to come of it all? No—it could not be that she had tracked him thus marvellously all for nothing, first across a thousand miles of sea, and now through blood and fire. That Francis knew of the blood feud that must needs stand between that man and her she no longer believed. And how could she find the heart or the words to transform his gratitude to the man who had saved his life and hers into horror at a terrible crime?

But probably there were never yet three fellow-travellers who, with lives so closely bound together, and seemingly with common fears, common dangers, and common hopes, were truly travelling in such different worlds. Cucumber Jack was racing with panic and pain, like a dumb creature of the woods who has been hurt in the chase and is hurrying to hide itself in its lair. Francis was learning, like a true knight adventurer, to take all things as they came, even Nance Derrick in Hispaniola, except for wondering whether Providence and Cucumber Jack had intervened to save his life so that Mabel Openshaw might not be disappointed of her whim. But, alas! that could not be. The loveliest and most divinely adorable of women must remain in ignorance of whence she came (if it were not in truth a star), and the lover who had failed her at her need must choose between seeing her face no more, and coming before her a baffled and hopeless man. And Nance—broken-hearted at the horrible doom which had fallen upon those who had been more than father and mother to her in her need, riding from death by unknown ways to an unknown end, with her arms about the man she loved most, and beside the man whom she hated worst, yet to whom she owed the life of him she loved as well as her own—how can her heart be

put into coherent words? How can it be put into words at all?

"Jacques," said Antoinette Carrel, "I wonder if any people were ever so miserable as we."

"Nobody—nobody in the whole world: not even in France. Nobody ever had such a loss as mine. Nobody ever will."

"I don't mean the papers, my poor friend," said she.

"You don't mean the papers? What else is there, in Heaven's name? No—not in Heaven's. They abolished Heaven with all else: and they were right. A Heaven that can let such things be is not fit to endure."

"Jacques!"

"Ah, you may say Jacques, but it is true. I'll say it to the next priest we meet, and dare him to contradict me, if we ever see a priest or any other scoundrel on two legs again. You don't mean my papers? What do you mean? Do you mean your house?"

"No, Jacques. People have seen their houses burned before now: oh, and sometimes with their children in them as well as their tables and their chairs—think of that, Jacques: their children: thank God, for once, that we have none. They could not have run."

"Not your house? Do you mean your trinkets—your clothes?"

"Bah! What an idea!"

"That we shall be lost in the forest, and starve?"

"No. Hundreds and hundreds have been lost in forests and starved."

"That we have become poor?"

"No. Thousands and millions are poor."

"That we have discovered the malignant ingratitude of mankind?"

"Ah! That is cruel enough. But I mean worse than that when I wonder if any people, even Adam and Eve left Paradise, were ever so miserable as we."

"You must be mad, Antoinette—yes, you too!"

"No, Jacques. I was wondering if ever a man before, who had lost home, and wealth, and comfort, and the work of his life, my poor Jacques, and the illusions of his youth, and shelter for his head, ah, and perhaps even bread to eat—I was wondering if any such man, who had still his wife's hand left him, was ever so miserable as to throw it away. . . . No, Jacques: we are indeed the most miserable people in the world."

"Antoinette! No—it was not you that were mad: it was I. Yes: if I had lost you, I should have lost more than my life: yes, more than my papers—Can you give your hand again—to a fool?"

"No, Jacques. Not to a fool. I will give it to you. As if I did not know what your work has been to you, and what it ought to have been to the world! But think what it would have been to us, if one had been killed that last horrible night and the other had been left alive! Thank God, Jacques: He has been good to us after all."

So she, who could not meet a band of murderers without

first putting on her best gown, set herself to reconcile her philosopher to the loss of all things—herself excepted. It is true she herself had not to share the very worst: the loss of a collection of notes on lunacy. But she had to share all else, without the help of a misfortune big enough to swallow up all the rest; and the mad-doctor was not so mad as to throw away the hand again. He not only took it, but kissed it, too. And then, and not till then, she began to cry.

"Jacques—where are we to go? What are we to do?"

He could only shake his head mournfully. "We might steer by the sun for Port-au-Prince," said he. "But how are you to travel—no carriage: no horse even: and then, beyond doubt, we shall find this madness as bad at Port-au-Prince as elsewhere. If Les Bosquets has become another Paris, Port-au-Prince will no doubt be another Nantes. And we know what that means!"

"But we cannot stay in the forest," said she, gazing at the black jungle which to Cucumber Jack had been the gate of Heaven, but to her was the mouth of Hell. "The snakes, Jacques—and I haven't brought so much as a hairpin: I must walk, if I can't ride."

"Antoinette! All those leagues in those shoes?"

It was unanswerable. She looked at her feet, which until to-day had walked only on velvet and flowers, and on the shoes which had been made admirably—for show. Even after their first run, they would never be the same shoes again.

But, looking up from her toes, she saw something that made her spring to them.

"Jacques—look there! They are following us!"

The Doctor looked, warily. But he had better eyes for a distance than Madame.

"No, no! But pray God they are not following *them*! See, Antoinette—it is the case of Nostalgia bringing the case of Demonic possession: and our guest, and a horse besides. Wave your handkerchief, Antoinette: let them see where we are."

"Nanette? Did you say Nanette, Jacques? Ah, you dare not say there is no Heaven now!"

Whether they saw the signal is doubtful: for Francis was following a blind guide whose one thought was to make for the shelter of the trees. Their branches were his signal: and the chances are that if he had seen Madame Carrel's scrap of lace, such a sign of humanity would only have scared him away. But instinct naturally led him to the point whither it had led him before, and whence the Doctor and his wife had never stirred. By the same bole beside which he had left them to seek his master, there he found them still. Now, then, for freedom once more from man, and the horrible pain that wracked him through and through.

* He stood aside, leaning against a tree, while Nance slid from the heaving and foaming side of the horse into the embrace of her mistress, who welcomed her back to life in a tempest of sobbing laughter that very soon relieved itself in a shower of tears. The Doctor, for a moment, looked at Francis wistfully, as though the man who had managed to bring off a girl, a madman, and a horse, might have brought with him a manuscript as well.

"It has been a poor welcome we have been able to give you at Les Bosquets, Monsieur," said he, with a sorry attempt at a courteous smile. "And—if it had not been for you—Ah, Monsieur, I am the most miserable, after all: you have saved Madame, who is my life: and I cannot pay you, no, not even in so poor, imbecile things as words. Can I say how I am glad you are safe? No. Embrace me, my brave friend! Antoinette—embrace Monsieur!"

The physician kissed him on both cheeks: Madame also put up her face, being too little to reach his, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Francis began to dread a scene: and touched her forehead with his lips so hurriedly and so awkwardly that it made her stare.

"Indeed I've done nothing," said he: "nothing at all—except getting so nearly hanged that I begin to think I must be born to be drowned. But where's Jack? There's a fellow that's done something to be thanked for if you please—and, please God, he shall know it, as long as we're both above ground, he and I. But we must tell our stories when they're ended. What's the next thing to be done? Who knows where we are? Oh—what would I not give for a horn of Parson Pengold's ale!"

It was no easy question he had raised. There, cutting them off from any known track, smoked Les Bosquets, which it would be rank madness to approach: between lay the glaring meadows, upon which the whole heat of the sun poured down, pathless, and exposing any traveller across them to be seen and pursued without a chance of finding cover, until he should be stopped in his flight—if not sooner—by some hopeless swamp or impassable lagoon. Nor indeed did it seem possible to dare much more danger that day, considering that two of the party were women, and one a helpless one, and that none of the men were armed. And behind them, and straggling far to north and south, stood the darkness of the forest within whose threshold they had found sanctuary—gloomy and treacherous-looking, but safe from the sun's heat and from the eyes of men.

"We must find a day's quarters where we are," said Francis at last, "and make shift till nightfall—maybe by then we shall know what best to do. We must find a resting-place for a bit, where we feel ourselves safe, and where there's water for horse and man: and then, towards nightfall, we might make a league or so under cover till we're far enough from Les Bosquets to venture on striking the plain. Madame Carrel can take the horse, and"

"Farther—farther among the leaves!" cried Cucumber Jack, coming forward, as pale as death, and with one hand pressed to his side. "These trees here are good for nothing: they're devils' trees—tearing us limb from limb. They've got red leaves—and there they stand and laugh while I'm being torn to pieces before their eyes!"

Suddenly he reeled, and fell heavily on his face at the feet of Francis Carew. Madame Carrel screamed: Francis recoiled from what seemed at last an outburst of unquestionable frenzy: Nance Derrick stood petrified with awe at the sight of the murderer's doom—permitted to escape from man only to be struck down by Heaven itself at the feet of her whose father he had slain. Was it this she had been led to the other end of the world to see? It might be just: but it was horrible.

It was Dr. Carrel alone, who, helpless as he had proved himself in the face of unfamiliar danger, remained calm—nay, rather, who became himself: that is to say, who forgot that there was such a thing as self at the sight of a body that needed his wits and his hands.

He was on his knees beside Cucumber Jack in an instant. Then he beckoned to Francis, and showed him some inches of reed projecting from the man's side.

"He has been running with *this* inside him," whispered he.

"An arrow! Who in the name of Heaven uses arrows now?"

"Nobody—except"—

"Except—who?"

"The Maroons."

CHAPTER XLIV.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

The Maroons!

Francis had been long enough in the West Indies, more especially in Cuba and in Hispaniola, to understand the significance of what Dr. Carrel had discovered. It was not a mere mutiny at Les Bosquets or at other plantations—the tribes of escaped slaves and their descendants, who led a life, half of hunted animals, half of brigands, among the swamps and forests, must have heard, in some mysterious manner, the alarm bell of liberty, and have come out to swell the army of greater leaders than Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre. If that was so, as the arrow shaft let fly with such good aim from Les Bosquets only too plainly proved—if all the plains and swamps as well as the plantations, were up in arms against the creole masters of the soil, escape from the forest was a sorry lookout indeed. To remain would be perilous enough: but to emerge, by night or day, would mean the certainty of falling among bands of savages burning for hereditary revenge.

"Is he—Dead?" whispered Nance, so faintly that she scarce knew she had spoken, except by feeling her lips move. When she had brooded upon vengeance, and upon blood for blood, she had not known how terrible the sight would be. And yet there was justice: the ancient justice of a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye. Even so had her father lain slaughtered in a wood: and she, who had looked upon his murdered body, now saw that of his slayer. Oh, if the miserable wretch had only met his doom before he had saved the life of Francis Carew! She might have been better able then to look upon justice without its veil.

"That's what I have to see. Only stand back, everyone of you, and leave me alone. . . . Monsieur Carew: the body is light, and you are strong. We must carry him more deep in the wood, and we must find water—it is too hot for him here to lie."

Nance drew a deep breath—it was almost a relief to hear that Francis had not been summoned by the Doctor to dig a grave. Yes—it was right he should die: but not yet—not now. He lay helpless before her: and the woman, who had tried to become a witch that he might not escape her vengeance, listened for the sound of water as anxiously as if she were praying that he could be saved.

And it was her ears that did first catch the song of a forest spring. Thither was carried the body of her enemy, half supported on the horse by Francis, while the Doctor walked anxiously beside, and Madame followed, awe-struck into silence and out of her tears. Francis lifted the slender, passive body from the horse, and laid it gently upon the ground.

"Now," said Doctor Carrel, "let all the rest of you keep clear—all, except you, Nanette: you will stay here with me."

The helpless man, helpless no longer, gave her one of those keen, searching looks that she had not seen from his eyes since she first met him by Catwater. It was a command to be steady of nerve and ready with help: and she obeyed. Then he slowly opened a pocket-case containing a few common instruments, folded a handkerchief, and signed to Francis to lead Madame away.

Francis hooked the horse's bridle over a stump, so that the animal might show his superiority over his superiors by finding food without, and enjoying it in spite of trouble; and sat down in silence beside Madame, who required no bidding to escape from the sight of whatever was going on. She had no jealousy on the score of Nanette's assistance being asked for instead of hers—she did not pretend to courage, except where she loved: and, where she did not love, she had her creole pride. It was only in the nature of things that, even in a forest, and when tragedy rather than law had made all equal, the valet should be looked after by the lady's-maid. But she remained silent—much to the relief of Francis, who had by this time learned to lead many things, but not yet to bear chatter.

It was a strange scene—strange almost for its very contrast with what Francis had seen and acted in that day. The solemn trees, scarcely rising above the wild tangle of a western forest: the French physician and the English girl bending over the lifeless figure: the daintily-dressed little lady sitting by: and the horse quietly grazing among them all. Francis hardly knew whether he wished for his comrade's life or no. In all reason, it were better that the poor, half or all demented vagabond should pass out of a world which he could not understand. Moreover, he had been a miserable and cumbersome burden to his unwilling protector from beginning to end. He had neither friend nor kin: there was nobody who needed him or would mourn for him—not a soul. It was preposterous to wish that the fellow should return to his crazy vagabondage, perhaps to end his days in a jail or a madhouse, without a green twig to hang a rhyme on. But then—the man was his comrade, after all: and how could he wish that one who had saved two lives by his crazy wits should die of the deed? "And after all," thought Francis, "of what more use am I than he? He's no good to himself or to any other mortal soul—not am I. He has neither friend nor mourner—not have I. Mabel? No—that's over. I've failed her: and there's an end. No—if he's best stuck with an arrow, then I had been best hanged. I wish he hadn't meddled, confound him: then the rope would have settled things by this time for good and all." And Nance—Ah, poor lass, I'm forgetting he saved her. She was worth saving: she's a brave girl, whatever bad wind blew her here."

At last, after a long time, the Doctor rose.

"Monsieur," said he, "beyond all question you are right. You have rested: the day is much passed: the ladies cannot remain in the forest: it is not wholesome—and they will want food. You must put them on the horse and guide them till it is dark: then you must try the plain, which will lie to your left hand. There is grave peril, doubtless, since the Maroons are joined with the slaves. But you are a brave man, Monsieur, and you have a head: and—in fine—*au revoir*."

"Yes," said Francis, "I have been thinking too. There is the less danger in pushing on. Then—the poor fellow is gone? Poor Jack! But I can't leave him just like a dog, without a grave."

"*Au revoir?*" asked Madame, quickly. "Jacques—why do you say *au revoir?*"

"Because—because—Antoinette: you will put yourself under the protection of Monsieur. It is a sad trouble: but, alas, my patient has forgotten to die. And while there is a spark, a physician—you understand—must stand by with his fan."

"Jacques! You mean to say you will stay here?"

"Alas! It is not that I will, it is that I must, *morbue!*"

Even Francis was staggered, though he thought he had done with being surprised. Here was a doctor, a French doctor, who had certainly shown as yet no very great amount of courage and presence of mind, coolly proposing to remain alone in a forest with a dying stranger, instead of taking the only chance of safety that even he himself could find—nay, parting with the wife whom nobody could doubt he loved with all his heart, with the prospect of the parting being for ever, rather than imagine the possibility of leaving a vagabond at the last gasp, for whom nobody cared a straw."

"Jacques!" cried Madame.

"Hush! We must have all the quiet in the world: a word too quick or too loud may frighten the spark away. Bah! If you had married a soldier you would not bid him leave his post—eh? And what is a soldier's post to a physician's?—No, no. The battle of life and death—it is here: and it must not be my fault if death wins. If this were our worst enemy, if it were Carrier himself, it must be the same. And he may live. Jacques Carrel never gave up a patient yet: and he is too old to begin."

The Doctor spoke sharply—almost fiercely. For it was clear that he meant what he said: and so it may be that he was doing battle with himself, and was in some slight danger of losing the battle, unless he crushed opposition and temptation at the very outset, together, and with the same hand.

"Ah! And what, then, is a physician's to a wife's? And what any other wife's to Antoinette's?" broke in Madame. "Very well. If you stay by that—man, I stay by you. Monsieur, take care of Nanette. A good journey: and *sans adieu!*"

She, too, had plainly made up her mind, and without the need of any battle at all. Francis looked from one woman to the other in much doubt, and not in a little dismay. How could he, the wounded man's comrade and fellow-countryman, leave him to die when a foreigner and a stranger, and an old man besides, was undertaking the watch as a matter of course, and in the common way of his calling? Yet how, on the other hand, could he leave his living fellow-countrywoman, whom her father's death had made his ward, to the terrors and perils of the forest and in company with incomprehensible zealots like Jacques and Antoinette Carrel?

Madame was swift of her wits and her tongue: Nance Derrick was slow. It was not all in a moment, therefore, that she also had her say.

"When I was desperate and forsaken," said she, in a low voice and slowly, as if the words were hard to come, "it was not the Doctor and Madame who passed me by on the other side. Where they bide, and I can help them, I bide too. And I must pay my debt—if he has taken one life he has saved another. Before I can pay him for the life he has taken, I must pay him for the life he has saved."

She was speaking now to herself: but it was no occasion for those who heard her to ponder over what her words might mean. Something in her voice caught Francis Carew's inner ears: and he felt that never in his life had he ever known the girl—not that he knew her now. Only he felt—as others, even in Stoke Juliet had felt before—that there was about her the influence of power, that others had called witchcraft for want of a name, and for which he had no name at all.

"Good," said he. "I find that a soldier's duty is nothing to a physician's; a physician's nothing to a wife's; a wife's nothing to a grateful heart's—and what it has to be grateful for, maybe I shall some day know. But what's one's or another's to mine? So here I stay, too. Only where's the need? Can't the horse carry him? Why, the poor fellow is a feather-weight!"

"No," said the Doctor. "He must not be moved: Nanette—come here: you will be of use; therefore you shall remain. Antoinette—as your husband, as your lord and master, I command you to depart under the escort of Monsieur."

"Bah!" exclaimed Madame. "That for lords and masters! As your wife, Jacques, I refuse."

"Antoinette! Think of the snakes: think of the"—

"I adore snakes, Jacques—you know I do."

"You will starve!"

"Shall I! Neither I nor you." And, so saying, she produced in triumph a *bombonnière*.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LONG SLEEP.

Three times the sun had risen and set: and the spark of life, though twenty times seemingly at its last flicker, had not died.

They had been three terrible nights and days. The four prisoners in the forest had not yet starved, for even in the forests of that land nature spreads a table for the hungry, as many an escaped slave had proved: and, for that matter, no man finds out anywhere how generous Nature is until he is at his utmost need. The stream had fish, and the Squire and the keeper's daughter contrived to take them: and Nance had learned from her father how to make a sprig. And then there were roots, and strange fungi, which the physician knew how to choose. Nor, as yet, was there a sign of their being followed from Les Bosquets. Francis would have taken horse and ridden over to the ruins, only that had he been seen and followed his comrades would have been doomed. For they had become chained to the side of the dying man. It was this, more than aught else, that gave their situation its limitless horror—they were waiting for death to set them free. There could not be much talk, even, by the side of a dying man who had nothing to leave behind.

But if poor Cucumber Jack had been a Prince or a millionaire, and had Jacques Carrel been a Court physician working for fees and fame, the Doctor could not have gone to work with more singlehearted and unflagging zeal. Nor did that fine lady, Madame, with her quick wit and her quicker heart, fail him at his need. It is true she did nothing: but she was always there, quick to break down and to quarrel if things went well, quicker to be brave and patient so soon as they went ill. As for Francis, he had enough to do as huntsman. But his duties were not so great as to hinder him from observing Nance Derrick, and wondering over her more and more.

She had become a mystery indeed—so great a mystery in her own self that the mere fact of her being there was a mere nothing in comparison. After all, were the Nance Derrick of Stoke Juliet and the Nanette of Les Bosquets, now of the virgin forest of the West, truly one and the same? He had left her on the beach what Phil Derrick's daughter was bound to be—a quiet, uninstructed girl, only differing from her neighbours in her solitary ways. Here, in Hispaniola, she was a lady—and something more. It was not that she could speak a foreign tongue as if it were her own, and that she knew enough science and history to talk with the Doctor on his own ground—a great deal at least it seemed to Francis Carew. It was that she seemed, in spreading her wings, to have left Stoke Juliet far beneath her, and not merely far away; whereas he himself had wandered, but always on the same level still.

Would even Mabel Openshaw, that unapproachable and unattainable beauty, now lost for ever, have risen to this level, with four living creatures, one dying and three living, on her hands? For there was no question but that Nance Derrick, without assumption, but as a matter of course, rose into the place of command. It was she who, out of the inheritance of her father's wood-craft, put her master to bait the the extemporised line and to set the sprig. It was she who cooked the food when caught—and well for them was it that Francis was a smoker of tobacco, or they might have sought for steel and tinder in vain. It was she who wound up Madame's heart whenever it ran down, and who, when the Doctor rested, took her patient and intelligent place beside the sick man.

Thus there was but little time for talk between her and Francis. Indeed, he thought now and then that she even sought to avoid him, though without any conceivable reason why. He had not yet learned on what kind of broomstick she had flown from Stoke Juliet to Les Bosquets: and whenever he approached the question, some errand was sure to call her away. However, it did not take three days, nor even one, for him to regard her as a part of the natural order of things, wherever she might be, and however she might have come there.

Yet, if there was scant opportunity for talk, there was still less for keeping at a distance through all those dragging hours among these four. And the more he saw of Nance, the more he marvelled at the recollection of once upon a time when he was conscious of a condescension in dropping in for a chat with Nance Derrick, his keeper's daughter, and when she used to receive him with the modest humility of one who knew his place and her own. Why, if this were really that same Nance Derrick, he must have been deaf and blind in those days. No wonder Quickset, hang him, had thought her worth the notice of a fine gentleman! Why, the finest of fine gentlemen was not good enough for hers—now.

These were far-away thoughts for a man in his plight: but the more and more, since he had given up all thought or hope of returning, did his thoughts, whereof no man is master, insist on turning back the homeward road. It was like enough, what with the chances of ague, and marsh fever, and beasts, and such men as were abroad, they might all perish in the forest or among the lagoons together: and that likelihood turned his thoughts homeward all the more. "Life is a bigger riddle than I took it for, Nance," said he, as he watched her watching the sick man, with his head pillow'd on the saddle and his face sheltered from the moonlight by a canopy of broad-leaved branches—the Doctor taking his rest in an arbour hard by under the care of Madame. "A bigger riddle, by far. It's all waste, it seems to me. There is the Doctor, clever and learned, being wasted on that poor vagabond who's better out of the world than in. And there's Madame, a fine lady, being wasted on a jungle and on a man who prefers any vagabond's life to hers. And that poor fellow's life itself—wasted on that of a yet more useless vagabond—to wit Francis Carew. And you yourself, Nance, once wasted on Hornacombe Sands, and now on—Heaven knows on what, but it's all the same."

"A riddle! Ay, indeed," said she. "But waste? There is nothing wasted—so says Doctor Carrel. Though indeed it is sometimes hard to see."

"Hard, indeed! Hard is not the word. You seem to have learned a great deal from these Carrels."

"It is not their fault it is so little. And sometimes I wish it were less—it only makes me apt to feel—to doubt—to see things in a haze instead of straight and clear. But it is not their fault: for they, who know so much more, see as straight as if they knew nothing at all. He sees his duty, and she sees him. That is not waste—it is wisdom, it seems to me."

"Nance—I don't know your story: and I don't ask what you don't choose to tell. But I can see this, that you are no more Nance Derrick of Stoke Juliet than I am anything but the same Francis Carew. Your look is different: your talk is not the same. There is nothing left of you but your voice and your name."

"Perhaps I am not the same," said she. And in truth how could it be Derrick's daughter who was watching over his murderer as loyally as if he had been that father's own son? It could not be helped—the loyalty was to Doctor Carrel. But it seemed that, do what she would, there was always some perverse fate at hand to rob her of justice, even in a West Indian forest where there was no church and no law. No—he must not die. He must not escape her so. Was it for this that she had pursued him to the other end of the world? That would be waste, indeed. And yet, even if he lived, how was justice to be done? "There is no waste—there shall be none!" she exclaimed, with a sudden energy. "It must mean something, for good or ill—and it shall!"

"No, Nance," said Francis, a little startled, but reading in her words no more than met the ear. "I've said 'must' and 'shall' too, ay, and 'will'—but I might as well have said won't and can't, and so saved a lot of waste at the beginning. It's ages since I've opened my heart to a soul: and there was a Nance Derrick once, to whom I always used to gossip in the old times—and I wish she were here."

Nance said nothing. What was she to say?

"And then," said he, "even if she were, I should never see her again. Before I came in for Hornacombe, I was going for a soldier: and if ever I get out of this, I'll sell Hornacombe to any fool that wants it, and buy a commission. It won't be all waste to give the King more food for French powder—though I can't hate the French as much as I ought, when you're half Frenchwoman yourself, Nance, and your Doctor's fit to be an Englishman, if he were a little less queer. Yes—that's about the best thing I can do. . . . I'm a failure, Nance: that's what I am."

"What!" she exclaimed. "A failure: because a girl has said No? . . . Shall I tell you what Nance Derrick of Stoke Juliet once said to—Miss Mabel Openshaw? She said . . . But never mind that. That is all over, a thousand times. Oh, I can understand what a broken heart means, and a dead one, too. I have cried out to heaven in my time, and no answer came. I have tried to sell my soul—and even now—But a man! A man to despair because of a woman's word!"

What lover ever thought it strange to find his love notorious among the Cynocephali? What lover would not think it strange if he found it unknown even at the South Pole? Francis shook his head sadly. "It is not that," said he. "If it were—It is that she has set me a task I have sworn to do before I can win her: and I have failed."

Nance sat and listened in silence, while the man she loved in secret spent the night watch in telling her his love tale. And then she took the word: sadly enough, for though she could not wholly comprehend such martyrdom to a senseless vow, it made her feel that her own one dream was more senseless still. Mabel did not love him—that she had always known. But how he must love her! And how could she even hint that his labour had been thrown away upon an empty dream? Better he should think he had lost than know he could never have won.

But her silence in itself was like sympathy. And when Francis, also, lapsed into congenial silence, he felt, for the first time since his mother died, that he was not alone. In Mabel's company, he had known nothing but infinite unrest—never had he felt that she had understood him: never had he dared to feel that he had the least insight into a nature that was made, not to be comprehended, but adored. But, though Nance was far more enveloped in mystery, he had assurance, as they sat there in silence, that he had a sister and a friend—that if Mabel was a divine star, Nance was a fire at which a man might warm his hands, and his heart thereby. The fire is as mysterious as the star, not less if not more: but the one mystery is far away and for all—the other, near, and kind, and all our own.

"Mabel! Is that you?"

Was he dreaming? or had the ghost of the forest yet some echo to mock him with the semblance of a dream? It was not he who spoke: it was not Nance: it was a faint, weary voice, such as might sound from a grave. But it was as clear as it was faint and thin. And not only did he hear it—which might have proved it excited fancy—but Nance also: for, after one breathless moment she leaped up and ran to Madame's bower.

"Monsieur the Doctor—Quick! He wakes—he speaks—he is alive!"

Yes: it was Cucumber Jack, whose first word, on shaking off what had seemed a dying lethargy, was the name of her of whom Francis Carew's thoughts were full. But, quicker than Francis could wonder, the Doctor had woken, and was by his patient's side.

"Gently—gently!" said he. "This is what I hoped—ah, it is not Jacques Carrel who ever speak die! But gently, gently, before all. Oh but for one drop of cognac! But Nature—she has done one marvel, and she shall do some more. Nanette—you have kept always the *bouilli*? Of course—bring it now. Sup, mon ami. No: not one drop more. Ah, this is good—I would not have lost a Home-Sick as this, no, not for all the Les Bosquets back again. Antoinette—come hither! See what thy husband has done—Art against that imbecile, that humbug, Nature: and Art has won. So!—triumphat *Jacobus Carrel!* But gently—gently, before all!"

Francis stirred the fire into a blaze. The wounded man turned his opening eyes to the flame, and then upon a group surrounding him.

"I've had a devil of a long sleep," said he, feebly, and in tones that seemed to belong to another man. "But where am I? This not Depe Wood—no, nor Base Wood—I can tell that by the smell."

"Come, my friend," said the Doctor, "talking will never do. Yes: you have had a long sleep: and you must have another before you tell your dreams. You are safe, and with friends: that must be enough for you now. Nanette—you may rest. I will remain with Jean Concombe."

"Jean Concombe?" inquired he.

"Yes: what you call Jack Cucumber: that is you. You observe he has forgotten his name!"

"Not a bit of it," said Cucumber Jack. "Perhaps you will kindly tell me yours, if I tell you mine. My name is Arthur Openshaw. And now, if you please, who are you, and where am I, before I go to sleep again! It strikes me I shall sleep a little better, if I know. Arthur Openshaw. Why not? Or Arthur Heron, then—it's all one. Jack Cucumber, indeed! Yes: I've heard the name somewhere—but the notion of its being mine!"

The Doctor looked at him intently as he spoke; then turned round with a triumphant smile.

"Now if I am not the most fortunate of men! Antoinette—Nanette—Monsieur Carew—there is a man who, had he been sane, must of that wound have gone mad or died. Being insane, he had to die or become sane. He is not dead: he is as sane—as sane—as I!"

And he was showing his sanity: for before Francis could assure himself that the trees were not whirling round in a wild dance, the man was as sound asleep as man can be.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

"No explanation necessary," is the remark inscribed beneath one of our Artist's humorous Sketches, which illustrate, from a comic point of view, the popular custom of buying a variety of picture and decorated cards for postal presents to friends at this festive season. Purchasers old and young, men, women, and children, are seen to crowd the shop-windows and shop-counters of enterprising fancy-stationers, and there are situations amidst the eager throng "when height is an advantage," enabling the taller person to look over the others' heads, and to pick up the articles of his choice. Where the bustle of buying is so great, it may happen that some impatience is felt at the tedious procedure of the elderly spinster who insists on a critical perusal of all the printed text on every card offered to her inspection. The prompt and business-like air of the careless young man, who executes his sister's commission in a summary way, by taking a dozen haphazard without glancing at them, is more convenient to the waiting customers in the shop. Its result, however, may not prove altogether to the taste of the ladies of his family at home. They may possibly object to the vulgarity of some of the "personality cards," and may decline to make use of those which present ideal caricatures of "the sporting youth" or the "sentimental youth," in whose figures the likeness is too grossly apparent to gentlemen of their private acquaintance. It is certainly not proper or kind to circulate pictorial and epigrammatic pasquinades against people one meets in society, and the fun of such malicious tricks is a very unworthy indulgence. The majority of Christmas cards, much to the credit of the publishers engaged in this large trade, and of the skillful designers and editors of their prose or verse commentaries, are not only free from offence, but expressive of genial and amiable sentiments, in some cases of pure affection, cordial friendship, and true Christian feeling. Their artistic beauty in drawing and colouring, with the perfection of their printing, in many instances, appears to us yearly more remarkable, and is quite sufficient to warrant the practice of collecting and preserving them for future admiration. We have no disposition, therefore, to cast any slight on this pleasant and graceful fashion of sending well-chosen Christmas cards, by our representation of a few ludicrous incidents attending their sale and delivery. The poor shop-girl, it is true, may be tired out by the closing hour; and the overladen postman, though a most welcome visitor at many house-doors, will have cause to feel that his Christmas box is earned by severe extra labour. These fatigues are incurred in their particular business and line of service. As for the voluntary trouble which is undertaken by ladies and gentlemen in keeping up the social observance, we can imagine how painful it may be for the tall man to suffer a muscular cramp in the back from prolonged stooping over the pretty wares laid out for his selection, and for the little man, Simpkins, to be hustled in a mob at the post-office vehemently anxious to put their missives in the box. These trials of human fortitude are consoled, let us hope, by the regard and esteem of their friends and Christmas correspondents, and by the good opinion of society about them.

The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have appointed the Rev. W. Major Paull, of Redhill, who has been a district secretary of the society for above thirteen years, to the office in the secretariat which was rendered vacant in July by the death of the Rev. Charles E. B. Reed.

Sir Edmund Thornton, G.C.B., now her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been appointed her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople; and Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B., her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid, has been appointed her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1876), with five codicils (dated April 5, 1878; Sept. 9, 1879; May 20 and July 4, 1882; and March 24, 1884), of Mr. William Charles Jones, late of Manchester and of The Elms, near Warrington, Cheshire, merchant, who died on Aug. 1 last, was proved on the 10th ult., at the Chester district registry, by Mrs. Lucretia Elizabeth Jones, the widow, and William Charles Jones, the eldest son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £875,000. The testator bequeaths £1200 Consols, upon trust, to give each of 150, or less, of the most destitute persons of Bedfurd, Leigh, Lancashire, annually at Christmas from 6 lb. to 4 lb. of beef, a 4 lb. loaf of bread, a half-pint glass of ale, and a pocket-handkerchief; £500 to St. Mark's Hospital, founded by Mr. Salmon; and £100 each to the St. Ann's Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the Manchester Diocesan Church Building Society, the Manchester Infirmary, the Manchester City Missions, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney. He gives to his wife £1250, and all his wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and cattle; and he leaves her, for life, £7000 per annum, and his residences, The Elms, and at Brighton, with the pictures, plate, books, household goods, and furniture. On her death, subject to a right of residence given to his daughters until marriage, he settles his house at Brighton and the above articles therein on his son William Charles, for life, with remainder to his son Walter John Henry, for life; and The Elms, with the furniture and the other of the said articles therein, on his said son Walter John Henry. All his freehold property at Bold, Lancashire, and in York and Fountain-street, Manchester, he settles on his eldest son; his mills and cottages at Bedford on his sons as joint tenants; and a leasehold house at Appleton on his daughter Mrs. Eliza Emily Wright. To his second son, Walter John Henry, he bequeaths £60,000; upon trust for each of his daughters, Lucretia Ellen, Eliza Emily, and Charlotte Annie, £50,000 railway debenture stocks, and his trustees are to appropriate out of his property such further sums of stock as will produce for each of them £500 per annum in addition; and legacies to some of his own and his wife's relatives, and to some of his employees. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1882), with a codicil (dated Aug. 9, 1884), of Mr. William Haynes, late of Wildwood House, Hampstead-heath, who died on Sept. 19 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by William Haynes and George Haynes, the sons, and James Adams Hewitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £133,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Haynes, £500, and all the jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, wines, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock at his dwelling-house and usual or principal place of residence at the time of his decease, and an annuity of £800; and there are a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 11, 1884) of Mr. Richard Garrett, late of Leiston Works, Suffolk, agricultural engineer, who died on July 30 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Harry Brown and Robert Flick, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £70,000. The testator leaves all his interest in the Leiston Works, real and personal, and in the business carried on there, to his brother and partner, Frank Garrett; and his residence called New Haven, with the land surrounding it, to his housekeeper, Mrs. Fennell, for life; then to her husband, for life, and then to his nephew and godson, Frank Garrett. There are other gifts to his brother, and further provision for his housekeeper, and also legacies to his executors and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sisters, Mrs. Betsy Maria Grimwood, Mrs. Ellen Johnson, Mrs. Jane Emma Elkington, and Mrs. Clara Peck, and the children of his deceased sister, Mrs. Sarah Louisa Croft.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the county of Edinburgh, signed Aug. 22 last, of the general disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 13, 1872) of Mr. John Murray Gartshore, of Ravelston, in the county of Edinburgh, who died on June 22 last, granted to Miss Mary Anne Georgiana Murray Gartshore, the daughter, the sole executrix nominate, has just been sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £43,000.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1881), with three codicils (dated Oct. 17, 1881; March 7, 1882; and March 22, 1884), of Mr. John Churton, late of Moramnedd Rhyd, North Wales, who died on July 12 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by James Tertius Collins, Samuel Smith, and William Henry Churton and John Weaver Churton, the nephews, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Churton, £500, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, carriages, horses, cattle, and sheep, and his residence Moramnedd, for life. If he has not done so in his lifetime, his executors are directed to provide out of his estate for the permanent maintenance of the University Exhibition of £60 established by him, tenable by pupils of King's School, Chester; and there are some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death various legacies are given to, or upon trust for, his brother, sisters, and others. The ultimate residue of his property is to be divided between his nephews and nieces, William Henry Churton, John Weaver Churton, John Guitstell Churton, Percy Vardon Churton, Henry Ramsay Collins, John Churton Collins, Anne Gibson, Mary Shirres, Christian Cummin, Bertha Hamilton, Emily Churton, Ada Churton, Caroline Gordon, and Agnes Taylor, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated July 2, 1879) of Miss Margaret Fenouillet, late of No. 16, Kensington-crescent, Kensington, who died on Oct. 24 last, were proved on the 15th ult. by Philip Cadby, the Rev. George Jones, and Edward Cooper Fenouillet, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London City Mission; £200 to the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and some other legacies. The residue of her property is to be divided equally between her nephews and nieces, Edward Cooper, Howell, John Henry, James Peter, Mary, and Margaret Sophia Chadwick Fenouillet.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1884) of Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Daly, late of No. 2, Randolph-gardens, Maida-vale, who died on Sept. 5 last, at Herne Bay, was proved on the 14th ult. by James Thomas Daly, the husband, William Dempsey, the father, and Charles William Dempsey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to godchildren and others; and, contingent on her father dying in the lifetime of her husband, £500 to the Home for Incurable Children, Maida-vale. There are special bequests to her father and husband, and the residue of her property is to be divided between them.

Portrait-models of Mr. Irving as Hamlet and Miss Ellen Terry as Ophelia are on view at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.





PLOTTING MISCHIEF.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL.

The second exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil shows little falling off from that of last year, with which their new galleries were inaugurated. We must reserve for a future occasion a more detailed notice of the works, and limit ourselves on this occasion to alluding briefly to some of the more striking. Mr. F. D. Millet is a talented American, who began active life as the editor of a leading New England journal, and subsequently distinguished himself as the war correspondent of the *Daily News* when Mr. Archibald Forbes' health broke down. In the interval he found time to study painting at Antwerp—with what results his two pictures at the Institute this year bear witness. "No Unwelcome Guest" (314) is only a scene in a wayside inn, with two simple figures, the guest and the serving maid: a simply told tale, intelligible to all, but painted with rare skill, especially in the management of the light through the windows, which forms the whole background of his work. "A Cosy Corner" (781) is slighter in design and execution, but is not less indicative of the powers of this many-sided, highly gifted New Englander, whose story, "A Capillary Crime," in the current number of the *Harper's Magazine*, shows his powers as a romancer in the style of Edgar Poe. In a very different vein is Mr. G. Clausen's "Woman of the Fields" (13), unattractive in every respect, except its stern realism and careful work. In strong contrast is the President, Mr. J. D. Linton's, "Knight" (21), in full armour, with his lady's scarf wound round his left arm; painted with admirable skill and power. Not far off is Mr. Haynes Williams' "Matador" (13), gay, jaunty, and full of colour; whilst Mr. Melton Fisher's "Salome" (81), an olive-limbed girl against an amber curtain, deals boldly and successfully with a theme already treated by one of the ablest of French artists. The identity of title, although the pose is different, challenges comparison with Regnault's celebrated work; but it is no discredit to Mr. Fisher to be second in so honourable a rivalry. Another single figure of more than average merit is Mr. Tom Graham's "Fisherman's Daughter" (151), a Breton girl in a simple costume, with massive ankles more realistic than ideal.

Amongst the landscapes, Mr. Keeley Halswell's "Pangbourne" (16) is the first to catch the eye, and is a notable concession to colour on the part of an artist whose tendency to grey and black is so well known. Mr. F. G. Cotman's "Close of Day" (328) is a praiseworthy effort to revive the Norwich school of painting, to which the artist is by name, if not by descent, allied. A sluggish Norfolk river on the edge of fen country, the mill in the background, and a glimpse of the far stretching country lit up by setting sun, make up a very effective picture. Mr. William Small's "Connemara Market Folk" (590) shows a broad expanse of bog or moor, a bare-legged girl stepping out briskly, in spite of the load on her back, and the evident temptation to stop and chat with the "cavaliers," a man and wife on one sorry horse. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Early October" (465) brings us back to England and the southern counties. Like all his work, this autumn pastoral shows a refinement and an appreciation of Nature worthy of all praise. Mr. Towneley Green's "Summer Days" (585), Mr. Aumonier's "Smiling June" (743), and Mr. Wimper's "Fleeting Shadows" (822), have enough in common to show that love of Nature is still the leading characteristic of the English landscape school. Among the genre and story-telling pictures, Mr. Fred. Barnard's "Duckling and Green Peas is Orf, Sir" (184), is a reminiscence of London life in the old-fashioned "chop-house." The attitude of the waiter and the dismay of the disappointed diner are well rendered, whilst the technical skill displayed in the work is above the average. "Vanquished," by Mr. Blair Leighton (116), is a knight led away bareheaded from the tournament, while in the background the victor is receiving the prize from the Queen of Beauty. There is no little nobility mingled with the despondent air of the knight as he withdraws from the public gaze, and Mr. Leighton is to be congratulated on his successful treatment of a difficult subject. In strong contrast is Mr. Walter Crane's "La Belle Dame sans Merci" (868), a work in which the crudities and eccentricities of the neo-classic school are shown without the least concession to public taste and opinion. The component parts of such works are well known—a field full of flowers, a grove of dark cypresses, a setting sun, a lady with flowing hair and low kirtled garment, a knight in stiff armour seated on a horse, fashioned so as to give accommodation to all the damsels in distress whom he may be lucky enough to have to rescue in a day's march. All these are to be found in Mr. Crane's picture, and, despite the richness of his materials and his own unquestionable powers, he has not succeeded in making an agreeable picture. Far healthier in tone is Mr. Frank Dicey's "Time to be Off" (788), two hunting men "in pink" dispatching their breakfast, and making ready for a start. The same artist's "Landing for the Picnic" (673) is a pretty "tableau de société," suggestive of sunny days upon the Thames. Mr. W. L. Thomas's "Among the Lilies" (378), probably a bit of the Loddon or some other tributary of the Thames, is a more ambitious effort. Amongst the sea-pieces, Mr. H. Macallum's "Mackerel Fleet Leaving Harbour" (614), for realistic, and Mr. H. Moore's "Midsummer at Sea" (683), for poetic treatment, are amongst the most

noteworthy, the latter especially involving a marriage of the sea and sky, most auspicious in its promise.

We must here break off, hoping to return again to notice more of the attractions of this exhibition.

FINE-ART SOCIETY.—M. ROUSOFF'S DRAWINGS.

At the Fine-Art Society Gallery (New Bond-street) there is now on view a very remarkable collection of water-colour drawings by M. A. N. Roussoff, already favourably known by the works he has from time to time exhibited. The forty sketches—for the most part very highly finished—depict Venetian life in a variety of aspects—its canals, its streets, its people, its sunshine, and its rain. Amongst the most attractive of the outdoor sketches may be signalised "The Bridge near the Post Office" (35), with a glimpse of two bridges beyond, the bright sun falling on the water far away in the background; the "Fishing Boats" (22), lying outside the Giudecca; "Buying Bait" (6), and the "Porta della Panada" (32), an expanse of grey water under a fleecy sky. Of the figure pictures, in which M. Roussoff often displays considerable humour as well as very remarkable skill in the arrangement of colour, the palm must be divided between "The Kitchen" (3), where a child is blowing up the embers of a dying fire, "The Confessional" (8), and the two episodes of church life, "The Novice" (11), a young seminarist reading his missal to an old priest; and one of a "Little Chorister" (14) spelling over singing book, whilst the precentor is dozing quietly in his stall. M. Roussoff does not follow in the wake of Mr. Van Haanen, in his Venetian sketches, but shows very strongly the influence of Passini, who for so many years has been the recognised chief of the local school, which draws its inspiration from Venice street-life.

The Society of British Artists' Exhibition is noticed at page 581.

Mr. Whitworth Wallis, of the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum, has been appointed by the Birmingham Town Council curator and keeper of the new Corporation Museum and Art Gallery at Birmingham.

The Albert Memorial Museum at Exeter is to be extended at a cost of £9000, and a gallery for works of Devonshire artists will be opened in the new wing. Yesterday week the Mayor presided at a meeting in aid of the extension, and several hundreds of pounds were promised in the hall.

"Studies and Sketches of Shipping and Craft," by Walter W. May (Winsor and Newton), is a folio of twelve pleasing studies of French, Dutch, and English river craft, carefully and artistically drawn on stone by this well-known member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Since the late E. W. Cook, R.A., published his etchings of shipping and craft (now very scarce) there has been nothing better offered to the public.

The Fountaine Syndicate have achieved their object, and the purchases they made during the sale of the Fountaine Collection, in June last, have, with one exception, passed into the possession of the authorities at the British Museum and at South Kensington. At the time of the Fountaine sale, it will be remembered, a syndicate of noblemen and gentlemen interested in art was formed to buy various choice specimens of that famous collection, in the hope that the Government would in the course of a few months buy them for the nation. Although £24,150 was speedily raised by the syndicate, only £9924 was spent in securing six lots of Italian majolica, six pieces of Palissy ware, and seven samples of Limoges enamels. Of these art-treasures the Government have bought everything from the syndicate, except a pair of Palissy candlesticks, worth £150, which have been acquired by a rich amateur.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on the 4th inst., the silver medal of the institution, a copy of a vote inscribed on vellum, and £10 were awarded to Mrs. Whyte, of Aberdour, Scotland, in recognition of her brave services on the occasion of the wreck of the steamer William Hope, of Dundee, in Aberdour Bay during a heavy gale on Oct. 28. She received a rope thrown to her by one of the crew, and secured it by passing it round her body, and planting her feet firmly on the beach while the waves were washing round her. She thus affected a communication with the vessel, by means of which the crew were able to land. Rewards amounting to £510 were granted to the crews of life-boats for services rendered last month. Payments amounting to £3010 were made on the 281 life-boat establishments of the institution. New life-boats have been sent during the past month to Walton-on-the-Naze and Redcar, and it was decided to replace the present boats at Aberdovey and Castletown with new ones possessing the latest improvements. Reports were read from the five district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

A strong westerly gale, which appears to have been more severe than any previously experienced this season, swept over the British Isles on the 4th inst. In all parts of England and Ireland, heavy squalls, accompanied in many instances by showers, were experienced, and a high sea ran all along the Channel and south-western coasts.

PLOTTING MISCHIEF.

Mrs. Tabitha has not been pleased with the change in domestic rule at Bunbury Hall since the elderly Squire married his second wife. Young Mrs. Endfield was the daughter of a retired officer, who won honours in the American War, but who left no fortune to his only child. She has personal charms and a frank gaiety of disposition which captivated the still susceptible heart of her father's former comrade. There is one person in the neighbourhood, Mr. Jervis, the Squire's envious cousin, who has private reasons of his own for disliking the recent marriage. He has long ceased to be an acceptable visitor at the Hall, since the Squire could never forgive his dishonest conduct with regard to the negotiation of a certain accepted bill. The Squire's young wife is not unlikely, some day or other, to give him an heir to the entailed estate, which does not at all suit the views of other kinsfolk, including Mr. Jervis. These circumstances have led to secret communications with Mrs. Tabitha, who quarrelled from the first with her new young mistress, and is capable of any treachery. She pretends to know something of a former lover and an early engagement. Squire Endfield is just now away at County Sessions; why was Captain Piercy, almost a stranger in the place, met yesterday riding through Bunbury Lane? "And so, Mrs. Tabby," says plotting Mr. Jervis, while he drops five golden guineas in her hand; "we all know that you are a good and faithful servant of the Squire's family, as you were in your deceased lady's life-time, poor dear soul! We ought not to suspect evil, but the Squire is an easy, careless sort of man. He has treated me very badly, as you know, but I am far from bearing him malice. I should not like him to be imposed upon, and if anything was going wrong—I only say, if—it might be the duty of somebody, in a kind way, to put my cousin on his guard. You will be careful to look at the letters that come by post; and, if there are any for Mrs. Endfield with the Barmister postmark, I am sure you will let me know. Could not you keep them back an hour or two, and send little George for me? I would meet you here again, say at half past ten any morning, just to look at the handwriting outside the letter." Mrs. Tabby will do her best and her worst.

ANTWERP INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1882.

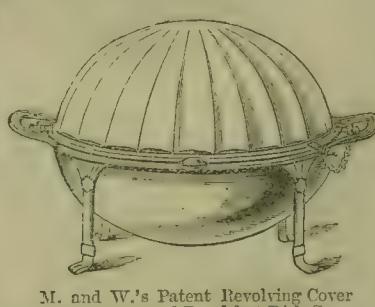
Her Majesty's Consul at Antwerp has been appointed British Commissioner for the International Exhibition which is to be held at Antwerp next year; and Mr. P. L. Simmonds has been appointed by the executive council of the exhibition at Antwerp their Agent-General for Great Britain and Ireland. The exhibition in question is a national undertaking under the immediate patronage of the King of the Belgians and of the Belgian Government. The president of the exhibition is the Count of Flanders, and the vice-president the Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce. The office of the Agent-General is at 35, Queen Victoria-street, and communications should be addressed to him there.

Professor Tyndall will give the Christmas course of lectures at the Royal Institution, adapted to a juvenile auditory, on "The Sources of Electricity—friction-electricity, volta-electricity, pyro-electricity, thermo-electricity, magneto-electricity." The first lecture will be delivered on Dec. 27.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scottish Freemasons, held in Edinburgh last week, Sir Archibald Campbell, of Blythswood, was elected Grand Master; the Earl of Haddington, Deputy Grand Master; the Earl of Kintore, Substitute Grand Master; and the Earl of Breadalbane, Senior Grand Master. The Grand Lodge celebrated the festival of St. Andrew.

At the quarterly court of Governors of the Brompton Hospital, recently held, it was stated that, in view of the approach of winter, the list of applicants is day by day growing heavier. As the cold weather will add seriously to the expenses of the institution, which now contains 331 beds, the committee very earnestly appeal for the needful funds to maintain this unendowed charity, where 346 in-patients and 4061 out-patients are under treatment during the quarter.

The Scottish Geographical Society was inaugurated on the 3rd inst. by Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, in the Music-Hall, Edinburgh. Lord Balfour of Burleigh occupied the chair. Mr. Stanley gave a description of the African continent, but devoted his principal observations to the best way of making available the enormous facilities for traffic with the interior by means of the Congo river. Had the British Government followed the advice he had already given, there never would have been a treaty made to close the Congo basin, and they would not have needed him to tell how monstrous the Portuguese claims were. The Berlin Conference had signed, sealed, and delivered up what the British themselves had voluntarily abandoned. Next day Mr. Stanley opened the Society's rooms, and later lectured to the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce "On the Possible Development of British Commercial Enterprise in the Interior of South Africa." In the evening he gave a lecture to the Edinburgh Literary Association "On Slavery in Africa."—Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Stanley inaugurated the formation of the Dundee branch of the Scottish Geographical Society by delivering an address in the Kinmaid Hall. Sir John Ogilvy presided.

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"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," Sept. 27, 1884, says:—"The Ammoniaphone is an ingenious instrument, invented by Dr. Carter Moffat, for artificial voice cultivation. By close observation, and careful analysis of the purest air of Italy, Dr. Moffat has succeeded in obtaining a chemical combination of the constituents thereof, many years having been bestowed by him in the realisation of his purpose."

"TRUTH," Nov. 24, 1884.—"It was, I confess, with profound scepticism that I placed the little mouthpiece to my lips, and drew a deep breath. It was not unpleasant, and I persevered, alternating each pull with a good gasp of common air to follow. I had previously been asked to say a sentence or two in my natural voice, and after two or three pulls at the Ammoniaphone I was requested to repeat the same words without using any extra exertion. I was really startled at the involuntary loudness of my own voice; and a friend who accompanied me, and who was a greater sceptic than myself, fairly burst out laughing at the result."

"THE ROCK," Sept. 19, 1884, says:—"A considerable amount of interest has been excited by Dr. Carter Moffat's newly-invented instrument, the Ammoniaphone, which seems likely to prove of great value to clergymen and public speakers generally."

"THE PALL MALL GAZETTE" says, in the course of a lengthy article, July 28, 1884:—"One of our sceptical representatives . . . was compelled to admit that he could register three notes more, after using the Ammoniaphone once, than he could do before."



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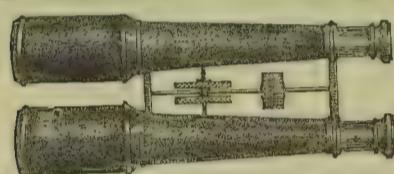
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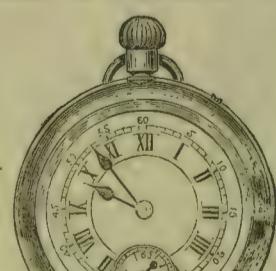
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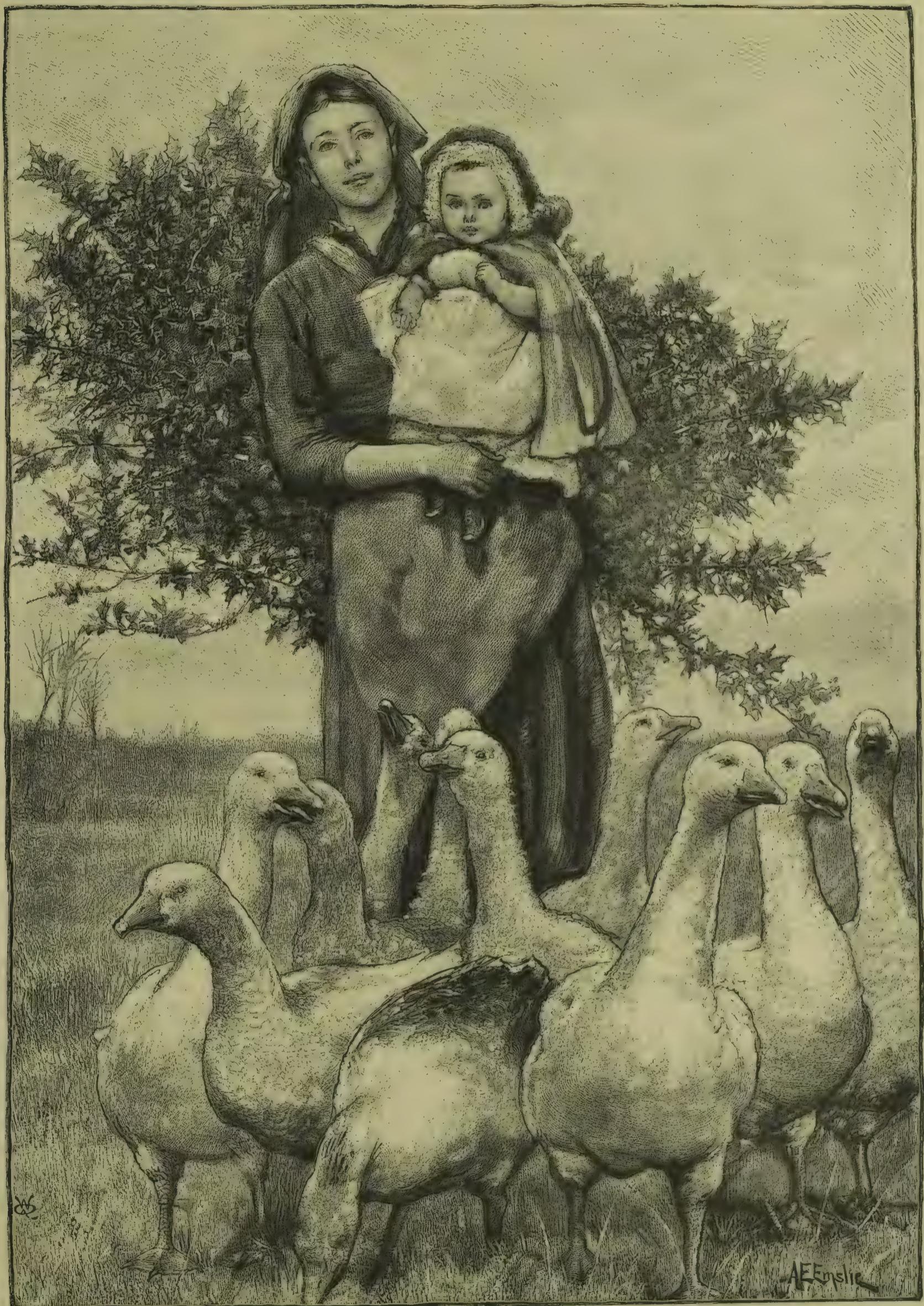
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PENCE."—**PALL MALL GAZETTE**

"THE CORNHILL IS THE MOST
INTERESTING OF ENGLISH MAGAZINES."—
VANITY FAIR.

NOTICE.

THE

JANUARY NUMBER

OF THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE

WILL CONTAIN

THE FIRST PART

OF A

NEW STORY

BY

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

ENTITLED

RAINBOW GOLD.

IN THE SAME NUMBER WILL APPEAR

AN ARTICLE UPON

CHARLES DICKENS,

WRITTEN BY HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER,

ENTITLED

CHARLES DICKENS AT HOME,"

OBITUARY.

EARL OF SCARBROUGH.

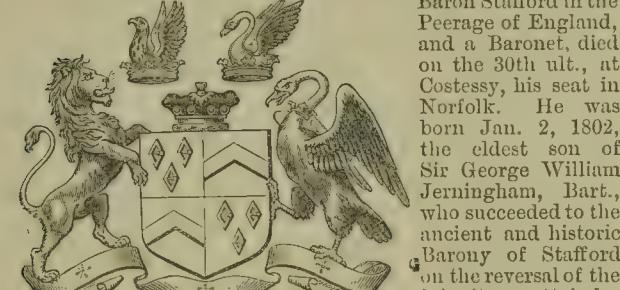


The Right Hon. Richard George Lumley, ninth Earl of Scarbrough, Viscount Lumley and Baron Lumley in the Peerage of England and Viscount Lumley in the Peerage of Ireland, formerly Lieutenant 7th Hussars and Lieutenant-Colonel 1st West York Yeomanry, died on the 5th inst.

He was born May 7, 1813, the only son of Mr. Frederick Lumley-Savile, of Tickhill Castle, Yorkshire, was educated at Eton, and succeeded to the family honours at the death of his cousin John, eighth Earl, Oct. 29, 1856. He married, Oct. 8, 1846, Frederica Mary Adeliza, second daughter of Mr. Andrew Robert and Lady Elizabeth Drummond, and had issue, three sons, of whom the eldest surviving, Aldred Frederick George Beresford Viscount Lumley, born Nov. 16, 1857, late Lieutenant 7th Hussars, is now tenth Earl of Scarbrough, together with four daughters, Lady Algitha Frederica Orde-Powlett, Ida Viscountess Newport, Lilian Selina Countess of Zetland, and Sibyl Mary Countess Grosvenor. The family of Lumley, of which his Lordship was the male representative, is one of the oldest in England.

LORD STAFFORD.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Valentine Stafford-Jerningham,



Baron Stafford in the Peerage of England, and a Baronet, died on the 30th ult., at Costessey, his seat in Norfolk. He was born Jan. 2, 1802, the eldest son of Sir George William Jerningham, Bart., who succeeded to the ancient and historic Barony of Stafford on the reversal of the iniquitous attainder

of Sir William Howard, Viscount Stafford. The nobleman whose death we record succeeded his father Oct. 4, 1851. He married, first, Feb. 13, 1829, Julia, daughter of Mr. Edward Howard, F.R.S., and niece of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk (which lady died in 1856); and secondly, Sept. 13, 1859, Emma Eliza, daughter of Mr. F. S. Gerard, and niece of Lord Gerard. As his Lordship has left no issue, the family honours devolve on his nephew, Augustus Frederick Fitz-Herbert, now Lord Stafford, born June 28, 1830.

SIR A. GRANT, BART.

Sir Alexander Grant, tenth Baronet of Dalvey, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, Hon. Fellow of Oriel College Oxford, LL.D., D.C.L., D.L., died on the 30th ult., aged fifty-eight. He was the eldest son of Sir Robert Innes Grant, ninth Baronet, and succeeded to the title Aug. 1, 1856. He was educated at

Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1848; in 1849 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. From 1855-9 he was Examiner of Civil Service for India, from 1859-60 Inspector of Schools at Madras, from 1860-2 Professor of History in Elphinstone College, Bombay, and Principal from 1862-3. He was also Vice-Chancellor of Bombay from 1863-5, and Director of Public Instruction in the latter year. In 1868 he became member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, and was appointed in the same year Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. This distinguished scholar married, June 2, 1859, Susan, second daughter of James Frederick Ferrier, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, and leaves several children, the eldest surviving of whom is now Sir Ludovic James Grant, eleventh Baronet, born Sept. 4, 1862.

CANON GIRDLESTONE.

The Rev. Edward Girdlestone, M.A., Senior Residential Canon of Bristol Cathedral and Vicar of Olveston, died on the 4th inst., in his eightieth year. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, became Vicar of Deane, Lancashire, in 1830, Canon of Bristol 1854, Vicar of St. Nicholas with St. Leonards 1855, Vicar of Wapley 1858, Vicar of Halberton 1862, and Vicar of Olveston 1872. This distinguished churchman and effective preacher took a very active part in the social and religious life of Bristol. He was chairman of the Athenaeum Literary Institution there, a member of the house committee of the General Hospital, and treasurer of the Chapter of the Bristol Cathedral.

MR. THOMAS COLLINS, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Collins, M.A., of Knaresborough, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for that town, died at Harrogate, aged sixty-four. He was second son of the Rev. Thomas Collins, J.P., Perpetual Curate of Farnham, and Rural Dean; was educated at Charterhouse and at Wadham College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1847. He was called to the Bar in 1849, and joined the Northern Circuit. From 1851 to 1852, and from 1857 to 1865, he sat in Parliament for Knaresborough, and for Boston from 1868 to 1874. He was again returned for Knaresborough in 1881.

MR. BONHAM-CARTER

Mr. John Bonham-Carter, of Adhurst, St. Mary's, Hants, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Winchester from 1848 to 1874, died on the 26th ult., aged sixty-seven. He was formerly a Lord of the Treasury, Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, and Deputy Speaker 1872 to 1873. He was eldest son of Mr. John Bonham-Carter, for many years M.P. for Portsmouth, and married, first, 1848, his cousin, Laura Maria, second daughter of Mr. George Thomas Nicholson, of Waverley Abbey, Surrey; and secondly, 1861, the Hon. Mary Baring, eldest daughter of Francis, first Lord Northbrook.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Thomas Edward Wilbraham, of the Old Palace, Richmond, Surrey, third son of the late George Wilbraham of Delamere, M.P. for Chester, and Lady Anne Fortescue, his wife, on the 27th ult., aged sixty-four.

Anne, Lady Saunders, widow of Sir Sidney Smith Saunders, C.M.G., of Gatestone, Upper Norwood, on the

28th ult., aged seventy-three, having survived her husband seven months.

Lady Georgiana Codrington, widow of Christopher Willian Codrington, of Dodington Park, M.P. for Gloucestershire, and daughter of Henry, seventh Duke of Beaufort, K.G., on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-seven.

Dr. Augustus Voelcker, F.R.S., consulting chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England. He was born at Frankfort in 1823, and was Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Agricultural Society at Cirencester from 1852 to 1862, when he became consulting chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society.

Mother Henrietta Mary Emma Kerr, Religious of the Sacred Heart, daughter of the late Lord Henry Kerr (son of William, sixth Marquis of Lothian), at the Convent, Roehampton, on the 4th inst. She was in her forty-second year, and in the twenty-second year of her life in religion.

Colonel Edward Symes Bayly, of Ballyarthur, in the county of Wicklow, J.P. and D.L., some time Vice-Lieutenant of that county, formerly Captain 34th Regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel-Commander Wicklow Rifles, High Sheriff, 1837, on the 26th ult., aged seventy-seven, representative of a branch of the Baylys of Plasnewydd.

The Rev. Henry James Feilden, M.A., for sixty-four years Rector of Kirk Langley, on the 21st ult., at his Rectory, aged eighty-eight. He was second son of Rev. Robert Mosley Feilden, Rector of Bevington, and a cousin of Colonel Feilden, of Witton Park, Lancashire. He married, 1839, Marian, daughter of Mr. Godfrey Meynell, of Meynell Langley, and leaves issue.

Mr. Charles Ross, who for the best part of half a century has been a familiar figure in the Reporters' Gallery to successive generations of politicians in both Houses of Parliament, on the 5th inst. Although Mr. Ross attained the great age of eighty-four two months ago, it was only at the end of last year that he retired from the active discharge of the duties of chief of the *Times* Parliamentary staff, a position which he had occupied for close upon thirty years. He entered the gallery on the very day of the death of George III., in 1820, when a Sunday edition of the *Times* was published. His active career as a journalist extended, therefore, to the extraordinary length of sixty-three years—all, with a short interval, passed in the Reporters' Gallery, and the greater part in the service of the *Times*, on which his father had been employed before him.

“COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.”

The Christmas turkey or goose dinner is a “coming event” for people who like to associate the domestic festival with a treat of extra good eating. The infant in the arms of the comely young woman contemplating a fine flock of fat birds, in anticipation of their sale for the Christmas market, is certainly unconscious of their profitable destination, and has not yet been initiated into the rich taste of roast poultry. Elder folk know all about it; and to those living in a rural neighbourhood, where the fields yield sweet autumnal food for the nourishment of such valuable creatures, the prospect of a handsome price for this contribution to the customary fare of the coming season is an important matter. It is an event that they are apt to look for at the close of the year, and that is as much in harmony with the “mystical lore” of Christmas as the institution of plum-pudding. In the age of that affected Puritan austerity which was satirised by the author of “*Hudibras*,” the sect of “odd perverse antipathies” made an unsuccessful attempt to put down this old English predilection for the special fare dedicated to the hospitable observance of the time. He complains of them as harsh ascetics, disposed to—

Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge; Fat pig and goose itself oppose, And blaspheme custard through the nose.

There is happily no sign of a modern revival of this gastronomic heresy and fanatical crusade against one of the innocent pleasures of the kindly social table. The babe in arms, when grown to an age capable of enjoying his share, and of plying a knife and fork on the savoury contents of his allotted platter, will be deterred by no fantastic scruples of that kind. Vegetarianism, as a physiological and sanitary creed, may have its select but few disciples in the next generation; but a healthy relish for all wholesome food, and the just desire to provide for our friends, at a Christmas dinner more especially, what most people find agreeable to the palate, will continue to maintain the popularity of a dish so commonly approved. Disestablishment of many ancient customs and corporations is predicted by current rumours, some of which, in our humble judgment, are still far from a likelihood of being realised in the lifetime of any child already born in England. The Christmas dinner, at any rate, will survive the House of Lords, and may even outlive the British Empire in remote centuries of future time.

Mr. Dawe, Deputy Town Clerk of Liverpool, has been selected Town Clerk of Hull, at a salary of £1000 per annum.

The vacant assistant-keepership in the department of printed books in the British Museum has been filled by the promotion of Mr. Russell Martineau, highly valued in the museum for his bibliographical experience.

The returns of emigration for the past month show that in November 12,586 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, the number during November, 1883, having been 16,017. The emigrants during last month consisted of 8876 English, 1167 Scotch, and 2543 Irish; the reduction from November, 1883, having been 2801 English, 200 Scotch, and 430 Irish.

Earl Cairns opened the extensive new premises of the Young Men’s Christian Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne yesterday week. Speaking at a great meeting in the evening, he remarked that a young man often left home when temptations were strongest. If he had a faith, it was likely to be shaken; and if without, he soon became an absolute unbeliever. Young men needed places to counteract this, which these associations were calculated to do.

The distinction of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George has been bestowed by the Queen upon Sir John Hay Drummond Hay, K.C.B., her Majesty’s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Morocco; and that of an Honorary Member of the Second Class, or Knights Commanders of the said Order, has been conferred upon Moustapha Bey Yawer, Mudir of Dongola, “in recognition of the services rendered by him to the British troops and Government.”

A fine portrait of the late Duke of Albany has been presented by the Duchess to the board of management of the Chelsea Hospital, to be hung in the board-room. The late Duke was much interested in the work of the hospital; and it was only a few months before his death that he, with the Duchess, opened the new building of sixty-three beds in the Fulham-road, and named a floor the Albany. There is a pressing need of funds to keep these beds occupied with “respectable poor and suffering women.”

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word “*Cheess*” written on the envelope.

J E D (Harley-street).—You have erred in very good company in having failed to solve No. 2120. The solution appeared last week.

O A (Katovka, Russia).—Look again at No. 2121. There is much more in it than you have supposed.

H W S (Canterbury).—We have none of yours on our file, and shall be glad to receive the problem referred to.

L K II (Pisa).—Thanks for the problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2121 received from George Delsart, Raymond Steinforth, D W (Aberdeen); of No. 2122 from Frank Pickering, W W Calder (Glasgow), H J Eden, Nellie, Raymond Steinforth, E L G (Tweedsmuir), M Tamie (Brussels), Shadforth, S Hambler, D Ross Stewart, C Carpenter, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), F G N (Oxford), C A S (Exeter), and T Y (Leicester); of M MARKOVITCH’s Problem from R II Brooks, D W (Aberdeen); of R. SEURAT’s Problem from Clement Fawcett and E L G.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2123 received from W Hillier, R H Brooks, H Warder Hereward, Aaron Harper, Shadforth, N S Harris, H A L S, A W Scrutton, Raymond Steinforth, G W Law, George Caine, Joseph Ainsworth, Rev. W Anderson (Old Bonn), W H Stoddard, S W Warden, P Cawelti (Paris), B L Dyke, Alpha, L Fugier (Antwerp), A Kader (Ulmberg), G Oldfield, J Rudman, H H Noyes, S Lowndes, Jupiter Junior, An Old Hand, S Farrant, M O’Halloran, Otto Eulder (Ghent), Nerina, B R Wood, J G Antsee, H K Awdry, J Alois Schmucke, T H Holdron, James Pilkington, A C Hunt, D W Kell, R Ingersoll, G A C (H.M.S. Icc a), A M Colborne, H Blacklock, A M Porter, H Reeve, R T Kemp, C Oswald, B Un Nevis, R L Southwell, E Londen, E Featherstone, L L Greenaway, E Elsbury, J Vines, Columbus, Dewse, C W Milson, G Huskisson, Joseph Ainsworth, R Tweedell, and L Desarge.

NOTE.—We have not been altogether surprised to find that this simple-looking position has greatly deceived a large number of occasional and even regular solvers, through the plausibility of the attack commencing with 1. Q to K 3rd. The student will find that Black has a good defence to that line of play in 1. Q to K 2 R 3rd.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2121.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 8th

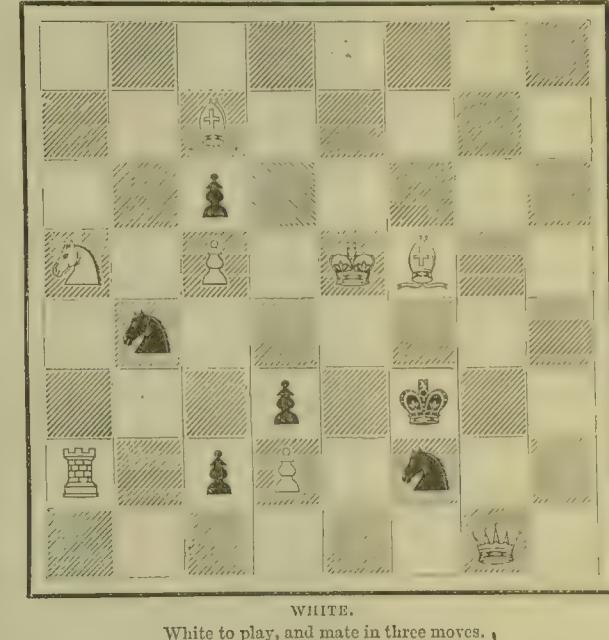
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

PROBLEM NO. 2125.

By Captain A. W. D. CAMPBELL (Fyzabad).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A Game played in 1861, not hitherto published in England, between the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL and the late Mr. BODEN.

(Evans’ Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	1. P to K 4th	BLACK (Mr. B.)	1. P to K 4th
	2. Kt to K B 3rd		2. Kt to Q B 2nd
	3. B to B 4th		3. B to B 4th
	4. P to Q Kt 4th		4. B to Kt 3rd

Mr. Boden always preferred declining the Evans’ Gambit to accepting it.

5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	WHITE (Mr. M.)	5. Castles	WHITE (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)
6. P to K R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	P to K 4th	P to K 4th	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
7. P to Q 3rd	Castles	Kt to B 2nd	Kt to B 2nd	Kt to B 2nd	Kt to B 2nd
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	B 2nd	B 2nd	B 2nd	B 2nd
9. B to K 3rd	Kt takes Kt P	P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
10. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	P takes L	P takes L	P takes L	P takes L
11. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B
12. B to Q Kt 5th	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B
13. B takes Kt	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B
14. Kt takes P	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B	P takes B
15. P takes K	P to K sq	P to K sq	P to K sq	P to K sq	P to K sq
16. B takes B	R P takes B	R P takes B	R P takes B	R P takes B	R P takes B
17. P to B 4th	Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Q 4th
18. Q to R 5th					

At this point Black, in our judgment, has the advantage, but his next move enables White to turn the tables.

18. P to K B 3rd

Probably desirous of exchanging Queens, but it admits the adverse Knight into his game with disastrous effect.

19. Kt to Kt 6th	Q to K 6th (ch)
20. K to R 2nd	B to Q sq
21. K R to K sq	Q takes Q P
22. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 7th
23. Kt to K 7th (ch)	From this to the end Mr MacDonnell plays in fine style.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Australasian of Melbourne gives a welcome in advance to Mr. Blackburne, whose arrival in Victoria is, it is stated, eagerly anticipated by all classes of chessplayers. The inter-colonial match between Victoria and New South Wales (quadras) at Sydney was fixed for Nov. 10 last, and the first-named colony, it was arranged, should be represented by Messrs. Burns, Fisher, Gossip, Goldsmith, Hamel, Stanley, and Witton.

A return match between the fourth class of the City of London Chess Club and Oxford University was played on the 6th inst. There were eleven players a side, and the result was that the City of London Club won with a



SENDING HOME CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—A SKETCH AT WADY HALFA, NOVEMBER, 1884.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The pleasant custom of Christmas and New-Year's Gifts still calls upon enterprising publishers, literary editors, imaginative writers, accomplished artists and engravers, lithographers, and printers in colours, to combine their talents and skill in producing large piles of attractive volumes, fit presents for the purchaser's friends. It is an agreeable task, at this time of the year, to turn them over and say all the good of them we honestly can; but one would like to have more leisure to dwell on their manifold charms, and more space in this Journal for a thorough analysis of their interesting contents. The pressure of the time must be our excuse, as usual, for dealing but slightly and perfunctorily with this annually recurrent business of the season, though we shall endeavour to notice, however briefly, all meritorious efforts of the kind, taking first, in this week's portion of the commentary, publications of some artistic importance which seem to have been provided at greater cost. The children's books will come in their turn.

Two ladies of high rank, Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and the Countess of Tankerville, have joined in the work of designing illustrations and decorative "illuminations" for a collection of original poems entitled *Life Songs*, in a beautiful volume published by Mr. James Nisbet, of Berners-street. The authorship of the verses is only indicated by initials, and they are of an unambitious character, but correctly formed and acceptable expressions of pure and refined feeling, with a religious tendency. It may be presumed that the large pictures, apparently printed in oil-colours, were drawn by one of the lady artists, and the page decorations by the other. The latter, especially, are very fine specimens of marginal ornamentation, the patterns having great variety and tastefulness; and the rich deep colouring, set off by much gilding, does not quench the effect of some pretty little drawings, landscapes, figures, or flowers, set in the splendid framework. The printing was executed by H. Kaufmann Lahr, of Baden.

A well-known graphic humourist, Mr. Frederick Barnard, continues his series of *Character Sketches from Dickens*, which we heartily welcomed upon a former occasion. The portfolio now issued (by Cassell and Co.) contains six photogravure plates, giving Mr. Barnard's ideas of Pecksniff, the Wellers, father and son, Little Nell and her grandfather, Peggotty (the father), Rogue Riderhood, and Caleb Plummer with his blind daughter, from "The Cricket on the Hearth." The Pecksniff is sublime as an impersonation of plausible humbug, and the repetition of his uplifted smirk in the "portrait by Spiller, bust by Spoker," which are full in view behind the living man, has a very droll effect. The series is worthy of the subjects conceived by the genius of Dickens; and more than this need scarcely be said.

The *Essays of Elia*, with their subtle, quaint, and humorous whimsicality, their amiable freedom of innocent thought and gentle feeling, their incessant play of surprising paradox and startling suggestion, and the rich flavour of antique literary studies that mingles with the freshness of a boyish spirit, are infallibly pleasant reading. Several clever artists, Messrs. R. Swain Gifford, J. D. Smillie, C. A. Platt, and F. S. Church, have designed eight illustrations, which appear as etchings in a handsome volume, printed on thick rough paper with wide margins, and published by Mr. W. Paterson, of Edinburgh. No more agreeable gift can be offered to a true lover of Charles Lamb's delightful vein of humour, tenderness, and sportive fancy. The immortal Chinese history of the invention of roast pig is illustrated by the scene in which Bo-bo, the swineherd's careless son, after the fire which consumed their cottage and scorched the bodies of the nine new-farrowed sucklings, discovers the exquisite taste of "crackling" by licking his burnt fingers, while his father, Ho-ti, stands behind ready to give him a thrashing. The subjects of the other drawings are a view of Oxford, Inner Temple Lane, the Tombs in Westminster Abbey; "Blakesmoor in H—shire," which is a stately, lonely old rural mansion, reminding us of some drawn by the late Mr. Samuel Read; "The Sun-dial," a lady reading in a library, for "Detached Thoughts on Books"; and "Captain Jackson's Cottage on the Bath Road."

The pencils of two such artists as Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, and the pen of the first-named gentleman, whose new appearance as a writer, sustained by so good a performance, scarcely requires the modest apology that we find in his preface, have been well employed in their *Sketching Rambles in Holland* (Macmillan and Co.). The engravings, of which there are about ninety, including five or six from photographs, are finely drawn and executed, representing many Dutch scenes and groups of figures with picturesque effect, fidelity of delineation, and truth of character. Mr. Boughton and Mr. Abbey were very pleasant and cheerful company for each other, and their personal good-humour sheds an agreeable light over the places which they visited and the people whom they met. The devious route they took comprised Dordrecht, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Zaandam, the Isle of Marken in the Zuyder Zee, the old towns of Friesland, Leeuwarden and Zwolle, the North Holland Canal, Hoorn, Edam, and Alkmaar, the North Sea coast at Scheveningen, the islands of Zeeland, the towns of Gouda, Muiden, Zaandort, Utrecht, Arnhem, Bois-le-Duc, and Nymegen; so that they had much turning and returning in different directions, finally quitting Holland through North Brabant, and coming home from Maestricht. The author would like to buy a few Swiss mountains, and stick them on the Isles of Walcheren and Beveland, to improve the flat landscape thereabouts; he detected, moreover, a nasty odour from the famous Dutch canals; but he was heartily pleased and amused with most things he saw, and he describes them in an engaging manner.

All visitors to the Health Exhibition at South Kensington this year will remember the amusing Historical Gallery of British Costumes. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield, by whom it was designed and arranged, has written a series of *Notes on Civil Costume in England*, which are accompanied by twenty-four coloured drawings, chromo-lithographed by the ladies of the Female Schools of Chromo-Lithography, at Red Lion-square and the Royal Albert Hall. To these Mr. Wingfield has prefixed his Essay delivered at the Lecture-Room of the Exhibition last June, making altogether an instructive and inviting book, which is issued by Mr. W. Clowes, official publisher of the Exhibition Commissioners. The series extends over eighteen reigns, from William the Conqueror to George, Prince Regent.

A yachting trip to the West Indies and back, even when narrated by a writer of such high personal claims as Lady Brassey, and belonging to the performances of the famous steam-ship Sunbeam, presents no great novelty of subject. Her Ladyship's new volume, entitled *In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties* (Longmans and Co.), is so copiously illustrated with 292 wood engravings, designed and executed in a superior style, that it demands special notice upon this occasion. The Atlantic voyage of the Sunbeam, from September, 1883, to the end of December, was a run out from the Mediterranean to Madeira, thence across to Trinidad, and over the Caribbean Sea to Jamaica, Cuba, and the Bahamas, turning eastward again to Bermuda, and recrossing the ocean to the Azores, whence she came home to Plymouth. Sir Thomas Brassey commanded his own ship,

and the family, including two little girls, was accompanied by several other ladies and gentlemen as invited guests. Mr. R. T. Pritchett's sketches and drawings furnish an ornamental accompaniment to Lady Brassey's journal and descriptive chapters, which are full of lively anecdote, and will be found very agreeable reading. The book is got up handsomely, as might be expected, and is sure to be favourably received in fashionable circles.

A lady traveller of still greater reputation for enterprise, and of high literary accomplishments and artistic skill, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, presents a volume, the contents of which are not entirely new; half of them having already been published as part of her former work, "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas," which was adorned with beautiful chromolithographic landscapes. *In the Himalayas* (Chatto and Windus) comprises this portion reprinted, with enlargements and additions of substantial value, and with forty-two wood engravings, in which the reader will be gratified with striking delineations of the majestic scenery of that venerable mountain range, the grand and picturesque architecture of the cities of Northern India, and the figures, costumes, and domestic habits of different races of men. The authoress has studied India, its history, its diverse nationalities and religions, the ancient traditions and the social condition of its populations, with considerable profit, and has made good use of her knowledge in explaining or commenting upon what her eyes have seen.

A poetical composition which might almost be regarded as an epic, dealing with a great historical subject in a regular narrative sustained throughout five hundred pages, is a work of no small literary pretensions. *Gustavus Adolphus: A Romance of the Thirty Years' War*, by Frederick P. Swinburne (Wyman and Sons), has a claim on the attention of critics whose deliberative judgment we do not wish to forestall. It exhibits a variety of forms of versification, the predominating types being apparently derived from those of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and from the romantic tales of Byron; rhyme is generally employed, but there are long speeches in blank verse; sometimes we have regular eight-lined stanzas for an entire canto; in other places, the heroic couplet of the last century runs its smooth course, as in Pope's translation of Homer; and this mixture has a rather singular effect. The author will excuse our reluctance to speak more particularly of the merits of his work as poetry, while freely admitting that it contains many good descriptive passages, and that we believe he could have told the story very well in prose. The story of the brave King of Sweden, and of his noble contest in Germany for the cause of religious freedom, or the cause of the Protestant Reformation, is always worth telling; and no objection need be made to "the love-story of Eric and Hilda," which is here intertwined with the historical theme. Readers may take it or leave it, as they please; our present care is to remark that the book has twelve illustrations, and that its frontispiece is a good view of a "castled crag," a scene on the Rhine.

Last Christmas, as we recollect, one of the diverting Ingoldsby Legends, "The Jackdaw of Rheims," reappeared in an engraved imitation of antique manuscript, with some droll original drawings. *The Lay of St. Aloys, a Legend of Blois*, is now published in this guise by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode; and Mr. Ernest Maurice Jessop, the artist, again contributes a number of clever and humorous designs, with some really beautiful details of Gothic ornamentation, of architectural sculpture, furniture, and costume, on the pages along with the text. A set of Illustrations of Shakspeare's *Seven Ages of Man*, drawn by as many different artists, and delicately engraved on wood, is published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin; while Herrick's *Content*, his pleasing verses on "Content, or, The Grunge," and his "Book of Littles," are exemplified by Miss Ellen Houghton in some delightful pictures, with plenty of incident and quiet fun, printed in bright and fair colours by Marcus Ward and Co., the publishers. But this brings us to the juvenile department.

The volume of the *Art Journal* for this year (publishers, J. S. Virtue and Co.) is stored with excellent things, a dozen good line engravings after pictures by some of our most eminent artists, thirteen etchings, five facsimiles of original drawings, and six engravings from sculpture. Sir F. Leighton's crayon sketches for the figure of the sleeping Iphigenia, in his famous picture of the last Royal Academy Exhibition, are reproduced in facsimile, and are made the subject of comment. The frontispiece to the volume is a fine engraving of Mr. Millais' picture, "The Princes in the Tower." The literary contents are written by art-critics of proved learning and ability, treating of the events of the year, the exhibitions, new works of art, discoveries, and discussions, in London and the provinces, in Scotland, on the Continent, and in the United States and the Colonies, with reviews of books on these subjects, biographical notices, and descriptions of scenery, even "Landscapes in London, or Sketching Grounds within the Cab-Radius," where the eye of a true artist may sometimes perceive noteworthy effects—at least on the River and in the Parks.

The yearly volume of *The Portfolio*, edited by that accomplished and pleasant writer, Mr. P. G. Hamerton, is rich in choice examples of fine art, and in thoughtful, critical, and historical essays upon subjects of the same nature. It contains six etchings and engravings of renowned works by great old masters, Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Marc Antonio, and Paul Potter, reproduced by Amand Durand; two of the modern painters' etchings, Mr. Herkomer's "Words of Comfort," and Mr. Inchbold's "In Westminster Abbey"; and a dozen fine etchings from pictures by contemporary artists, the frontispiece being Sir F. Leighton's portrait of Captain Burton, etched by L. Flameng. A series of descriptive and antiquarian papers on Oxford, by Mr. A. Lang, is illustrated by numerous woodcuts and etchings of excellent quality, and is also worth reading; the etchers of these Oxford views are Messrs. Brunet-Debaunes, H. Toussaint, and R. Kent Thomas. The publishers are Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Mr. A. C. Morton has been elected a member of the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without, in the place of Mr. Butcher, deceased.

Mr. F. W. E. Everett, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn, in succession to Mr. Loftus Wigram, Q.C., who has resigned the office.

The Queen has presented to the library of the London Society of Composers two works, entitled "Leaves from our Journal," and "More Leaves." The volumes are enriched by her Majesty's sign manual. The library contains a number of volumes presented some years since by the Prince Consort, together with contributions from many celebrated men.

Mr. Harvey's "Marvellous Midges" made their first public appearance at Piccadilly Hall last week. They are a group of four tiny dwarfs, and are by name Princess Lottie, said to be "the smallest lady in the world"; Prince Midge, described as "the smallest gentleman in the world"; Miss Jennie Worgen, "the Midge Housewife"; and General Tot, known as "the smallest living tenor."

A CRUISE TO ALASKA.

The Sketches presented in this sheet were made by Mr. Francis Francis during a visit to the far north-western Territory of Alaska, which was purchased from the Russian Empire by the United States Government in 1867. The whole region, which has an extent of 580,000 square miles, is situated beyond the British dominions in North America, on the shores of the North Pacific Ocean, Behring's Strait, and the Arctic Ocean; but the name of Alaska is more strictly confined to a peninsula at its southern extremity, stretching westward about six hundred miles, with Bristol Bay on its north coast, and many islands off the south coast, divided from it by Tchelikoff Strait, Cook's Strait, and Prince William Sound. The climate of this peninsula, though in the same latitude as Labrador and Hudson's Bay, is tempered to comparative mildness by the warm northward currents of the Pacific, and this part of the country, having an abundant rainfall, is well timbered, and produces good potatoes and edible roots or green vegetables, though grain will not ripen there. The fisheries are of great value on the shores of the "Aleutian archipelago," as it has been called, and there are salmon in the rivers. The native Indian population does not exceed fifty thousand, exclusive of the Esquimaux, numbering about twenty thousand, on the east coast. There are about fifteen hundred half-castes, of mixed Russian and Indian parentage, who are called Creoles, and a few hundred Russians still dwelling in Alaska. The interior of the mainland is uninhabitable, being extremely rugged and mountainous.

The Sketches include one taken at Nanaimo, the important coaling station of Vancouver Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, opposite the intended terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. An old log-boat or block-house, with a signal station, was sketched at this place. The voyage was continued to Kodiak Island, off the Alaska Peninsula; and Mr. Francis writes as follows:—

"The log village of Kodiak, or 'Kodiak City,' was the first point we touched at in this Ultima Thule. It contains 200 inhabitants. With the exception of the Russian priest, the 'priest's mate,' the Custom House officer, and the agents and employés of the Alaska and Western Fur-Trading Companies, these are all Creoles and Indians. Russian is, of course, the language spoken amongst them, and they belong to the Greek Church. Shortly before our arrival, a new priest had been installed. Finding that, under the indulgent sway of his predecessor, the morals of his congregation and their diligence in religious exercises had become lax, he was, we were told, 'giving them a real straightening out.' The church bell rang incessantly. 'Old man priest,' as they styled him, had a hard task before him. Morality in Kodiak was at a low ebb, and the most respectable members of his flock only 'flickered in the socket of virtue.'

"At the 'Company's' stores here we saw, besides sea-otter and silver-fox furs, those of the black, cinnamon, and brown bear, wolf, marten, mink, land-otter, red and cross fox, ermine, and wolverine. The sea-otter, cursed as it is with the most beautiful of all pelts, is rapidly being exterminated. It is hunted throughout the year. Dogs, females, and pups are killed indiscriminately. When the Russians held the country it was protected, and the annual 'kill' regulated. Now no restrictions exist. A first-class sea-otter skin is worth from £75 to £110. Of this the Creole and Indian trappers receive from £5 to £7. As the fur companies are the only store-keepers in the country, they exercise a virtual despotism, and not only underpay their hunters for skins, but overcharge them for ammunition and provisions.

"From Kodiak we made a few excursions along the coast before we definitely sailed west. One of these led us into Coal Harbour in Cook's Inlet. Owing, however, to the unusually late winter, we were too early for big game, and had to content ourselves with wild-fowl and fish. In one haul with the seine 611 sea trout and fifty-four other fish were taken one day. My sketch represents a *barrabara*—a lean-to hut of poles and turfs, which was built by some Creoles for a summer hunting lodge. We were weather-bound once in the steam-launch, and detained unexpectedly for three days in a small bay. The hut proved a most welcome shelter.

"Leaving Kodiak, we finally started for Chignick Bay. On the voyage thither we steamed one morning into what appeared to be thousands of acres of birds. The sight was extraordinary. The sea was perfectly calm, and far as the eye could reach in every direction its surface was hidden by ducks. They were not in the least degree frightened at the yacht's approach, but as we passed at half-speed through them they scuttled a little way from under her bows, and settled again immediately.

"Chignick Bay recalls a host of pleasant recollections. Game there was plentiful. The scenery of Alaska has a wild, naked beauty of its own. At three o'clock next morning we turned out. In the even light of early dawn the rich brown hills, shot with every tone, from yellow and dull crimson to the brilliant tints of the new-born grass that lined their rifts and furrows, had a mellow softness which vanished with the glare of day. Purple chains, snow-mantled, rose in the distance, and farther still, wrapped moodily in clouds, like a mysterious magician amongst mountains, loomed in mid-air the filmy summit of a giant volcano. Presently the Creole hunter, rifle in hand, issued from the men's tent. In a few minutes we started. What a glorious morning it was! The world seemed young, the perfectly still atmosphere surcharged with stimulating freshness. A light hoar-frost silvered the mosses, and here and there, clinging to the deeper ravines, or caught on the higher mountain tops, hung shreds of mist. Wild flowers were waking from their 'wint'ry rest.' At every step we trampled on great violets. Wherever tracks could show, fresh tracks were seen. The reindeer's hoof-mark crosses the trail of wolf, and the great cushioned foot-print of mighty bear was broken by dainty fox-spoor. Those were mornings to be remembered, if only for their beauty; and a visit to Alaska may be thoroughly enjoyable, as one has the feeling of perfect health, and there is much to see and to do."

We shall publish another page of these Sketches.

Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, has stated that there is not the least foundation for the report that he has written to a friend in Vienna, announcing his intention of returning to America for the purpose of resuming his literary studies.

Thanks have just been voted to the Prince of Wales by a number of crofters on the north side of Dartmoor for having, as Duke of Cornwall, granted them, at a nominal rate, the fee-simple of some moorland reclaimed by them.

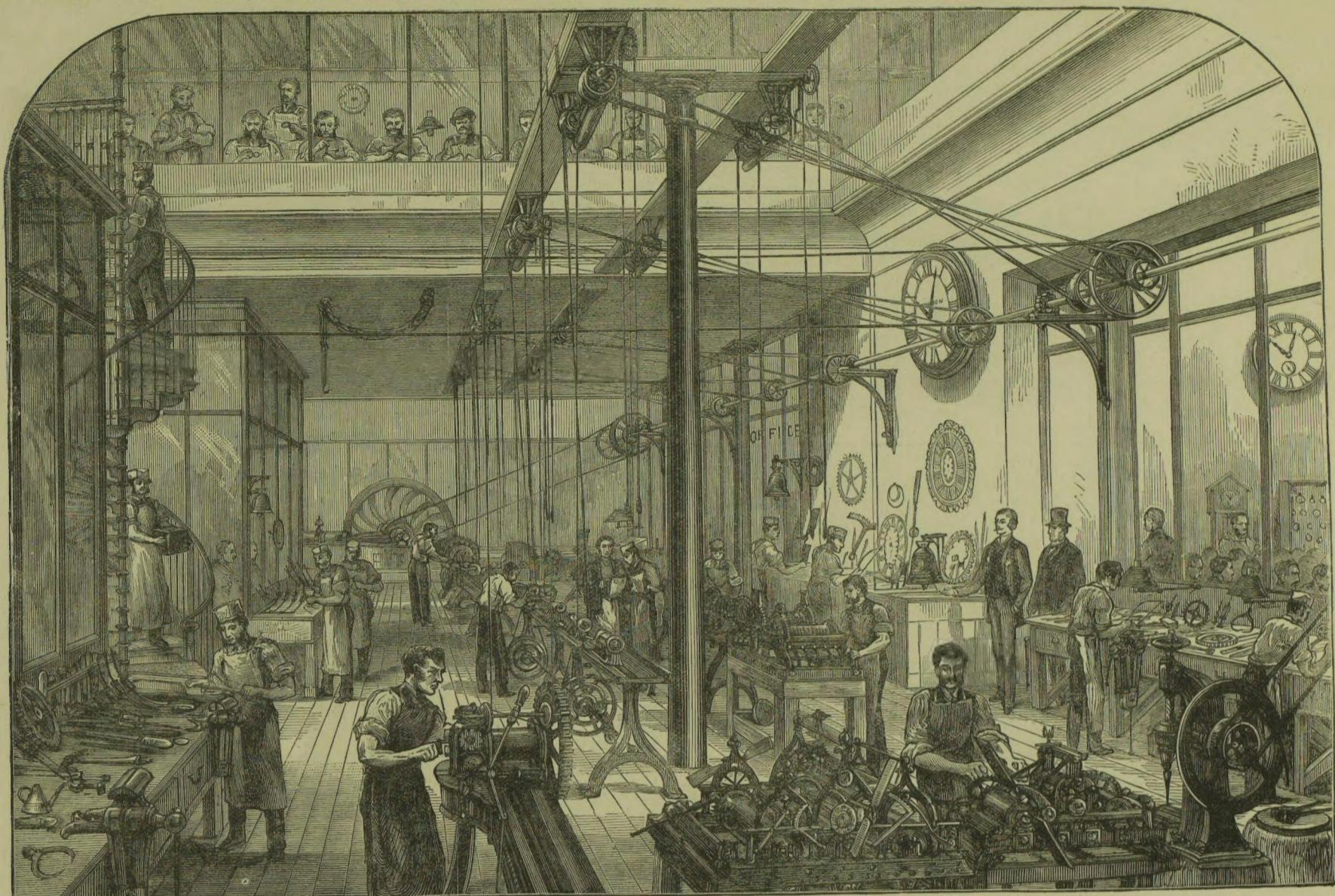
The Queen has shown her appreciation of the work done in the Female School of Art, Queen-square, by buying seven fans of original design painted on silk, which were included in the late Exhibition of Students' Works.

The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P., has given £500 towards the additional endowment fund for the Mason Science College, Birmingham; Mr. George Dixon, the Liberal candidate for Birmingham at the general election in the place of Mr. P. H. Muntz, contributes £1000; and Dr. Heslop, Mr. Arthur Albright, and Mr. William Middlemore give a donation of £500 each.

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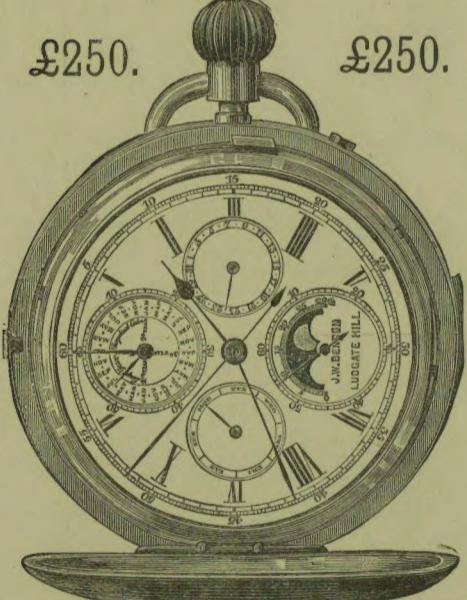
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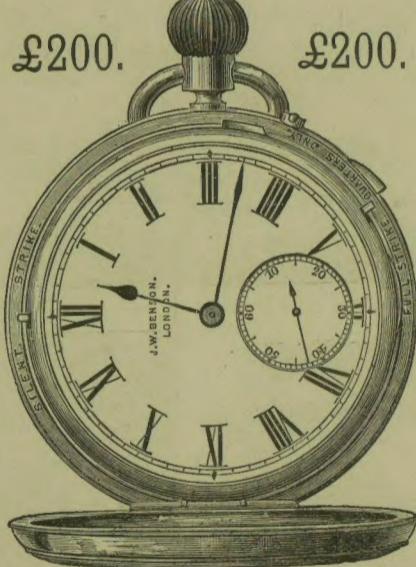
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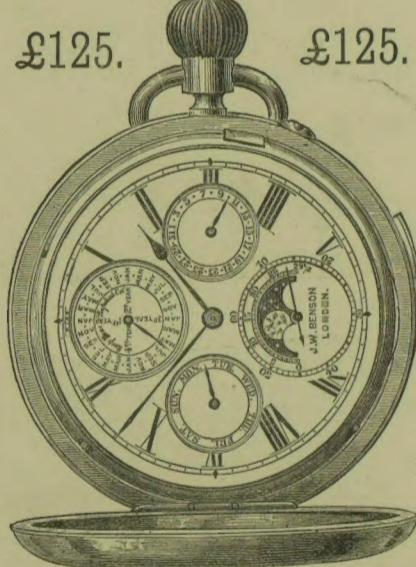
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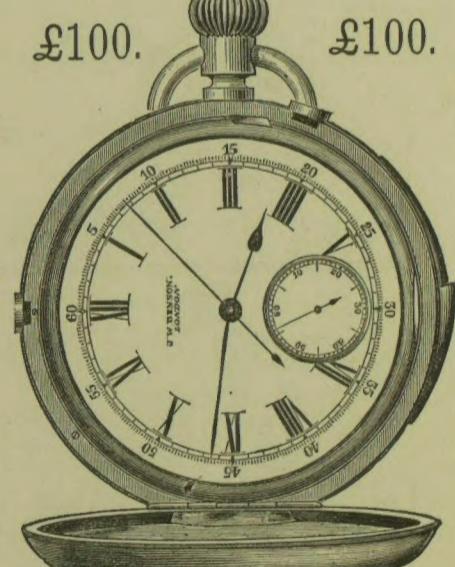
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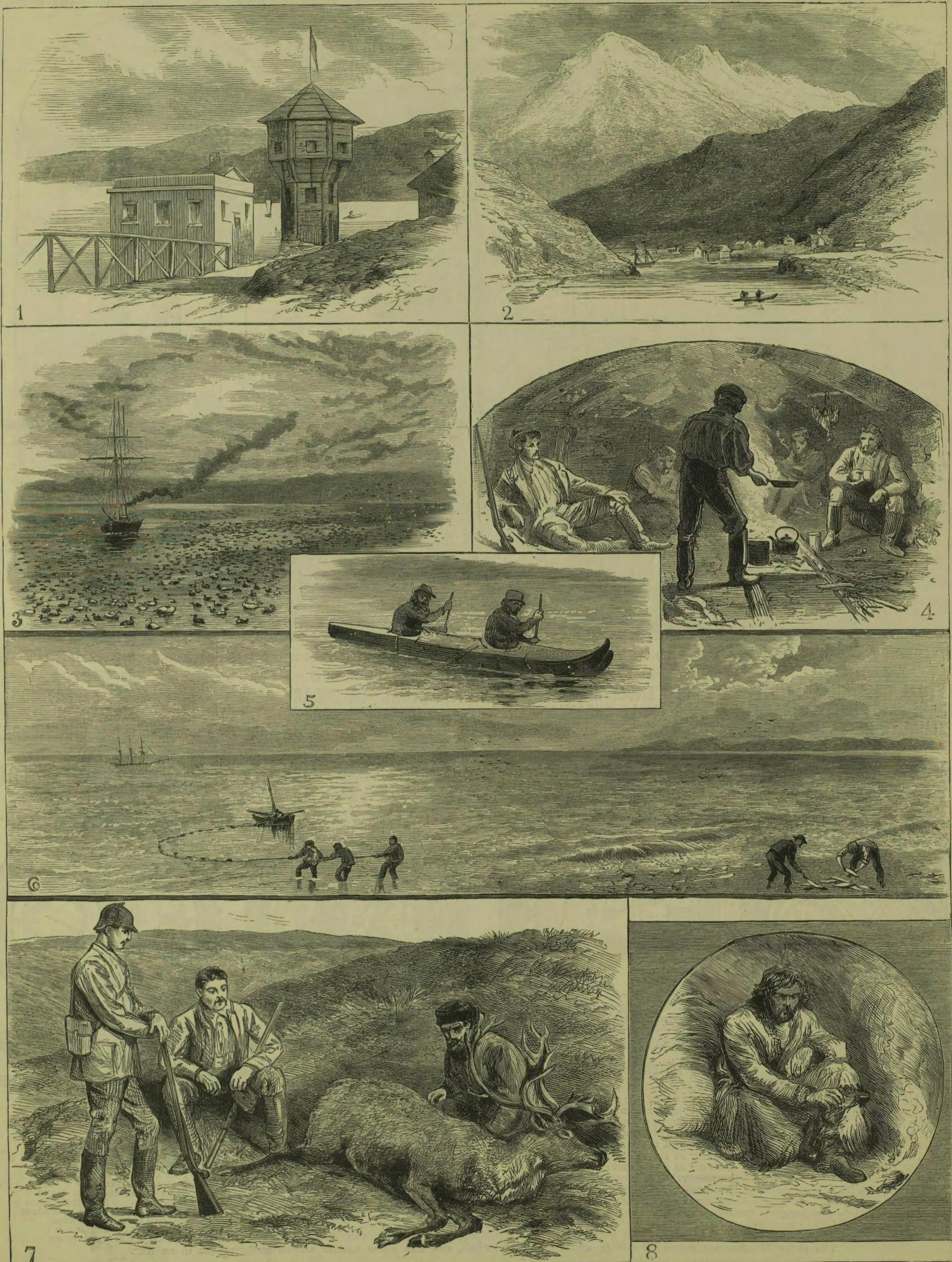
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3. Ducks: an incident in the cruise.
6. Using the seine in Coal Harbour.

4. A barrabba, or native hut.
7. Flaying reindeer in Chignick Bay.

2. Village on Kodiak Island, Alaska.
5. A bidarki, or seal-skin canoe.
8. Our Creole Hunter.